





























































## 2:15 Bargello

by Debi Neff

"BargELLO today at the weaving studio!" shouts Lou. "If you want to start a beautiful bargELLO, come to the weaving studio at 2:15 see Phyllis or Joanne."

So I go. And I'm not the only one. For bargello on the weaving studio porch is just another name for chaos.

"Hey, move it; I was here first."

"Tough. I'm signed up first."

"You are not!"

"I am, too! Look, see!"

"Joanne, I want to choose my colours now!"

"What do you guys think of different shades of purple and orange?"

"Phyllis!"

"Phyllis!"

"Phyllis!"

"When's snack?"

Phyllis Weiss some how manages to obtain some semblance of peace and quiet, and then begins her lesson.

"Do you all know what Bargello is?"

"I don't care!"

"Well, how about green and purple?"

"When is snack?"

"Well," Phyllis says, "Bargello is a ~~form~~ of needlepoint using a repetitive pattern. Now, first off, you'll need to choose a beginner pattern from the books there."

"Give me a book."

"No, me."

"I want that pattern."

"No fair! I chose it first!" Eventually everyone manages to choose a pattern, canvas size, and colours, and then Phyllis comes around and teaches everyone their pattern.

"Phyllis, I messed it up again!"

"Now am I next?"

"1...2...3...4...5..."

"OH, NO! I did the wrong stitch here!"

"Phyllis!"

"Phyllis!"

"Phyllis!"

"WHEN IS SNACK?"

After everyone has (finally) learned their pattern they go and finish it. Because it is bargello, it can be taken anywhere. Many beautiful eyeglass cases, pillows, pillows, and pillows, were made in bargello in the summer of 1983.

"How do you like my pillow, Phyllis?"

"No, look at mine first!"

"Will mine be in festival?"

"Can I get a backing from the sewing shop?"

"Can I murder Joanne?"

"When's snack?"

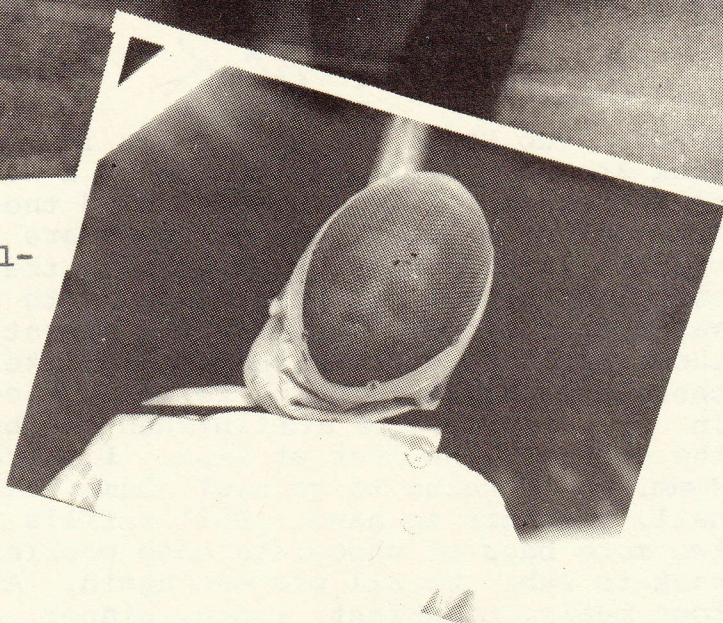


## 2:20 Fencing

Photos: Justine Zinkin



It's a hot and sticky day at fencing. I sweat uncontrollably under my heavy canvas jacket as I fence Matt Kenigsberg. He faints and cuts low, but I riposte and return his blow. I attempt a fleche; he sticks out his sword and stabs me in the neck. AAARGH! My ego and neck bruised, I vow never to go to fencing again.....for another 20 minutes.



by Daniel Bukszpan



## 3:00 Gymnastics

by Amanda Stern

Gymnastics can be quite entertaining except when you fall, which is what I did. I wasn't really warmed up, but I thought, "What the heck?"

I practiced my limbers and walk-overs when it occurred to me that I was the only person who wasn't doing a fancy trick, so I tried one. I did not succeed. I started to run across the mat, about to attempt an ariel. I jumped, feeling my legs swing over my head, and then landing on my shoulder. Later that afternoon, I was on my way to the nurse when a huge tree got in my way. A pulled tendon and pressure on my nerves are not as bad as they sound. By the end of the week, I'll be back....I hope.

## 3:05 Passing By

by Katie Fleissner

As I passed the Pub one day, I heard the familiar strains of Paul McCartney's "Ballroom Dancing." Instinctively, I turned my head and focused on the area in front of me, where the tables were. Wouldn't you know it--there, Hans, Stefan, and Richard were dancing on top of the tables like men possessed, brooms in hand, strumming away at whatever they could get their fingers on. Andy stood in the doorway, waving a T-square above his head. I avoided the rowdy bunch as best I could, but later, at the yearbook meeting, I began to get worried as those familiar strains began again. As my eyes scanned the area, I noticed the "Broom Band" having uncontrollable spasms to the music. Several heads emerged from the nearby shops to watch this expected performance. Somewhat to my relief, the group restrained themselves, this time, as Vera went on about yearbook.

## 3:15 Snack

by John Porter

Snack. Pub Shop. Whose turn is it today? Lisa and Sally. I look around. Lisa is standing on a stool, groping at the top of a bookcase. Still hasn't found the pitchers. Reach, reach. Three minutes later, the pitchers are found at Batik. Ten minutes later, Sally walks up with the cookies, and Lisa comes carrying the two pitchers filled with punch (bug juice, red water, bat blood). Now for the moment of truth. Did we get those sprinkle cookies that taste like church wafers or the chocolate chips? Sigh of relief. Chocolate chip. We pig out. In five minutes, we are finished the bug juice and almost all the cookies. We look at Lisa. Lisa panics and runs into Pub. Hmmm, who's going to go now? Damn. I walk towards the dining hall, pitchers in hand. Phil refills the pitchers, and I get two more bags of chocolate chip cookies (I checked). I trudge back to Pub. We all pig out again. At Buck's Rock, there are four meals: breakfast, lunch, dinner, and SNACK.



3:30

## Batik

Gavin Edwards

I walk into the darkened Batik shop. The dyes are on my right, but the lights are out, the pots are off and no music is playing. Then, the power returns. The CIT's give a weak cheer. Lights flicker back on, WBBC returns and wax starts to sizzle. People take up their projects and sit down next to the pots, coating their fabric with wax. As I sit down and begin work, people scurry around the shop, trying not to get in the way of others, as they wax, dewax, cut, draw, or dye. One camper goes down to retrieve her dry batik from the lines in the woods where they all flap in the wind as the light shines through them. Off in the corner, George is expounding on the virtues of a careful method in batik. Autumn is assisting a camper with a tjangting tool. The shop's open again.





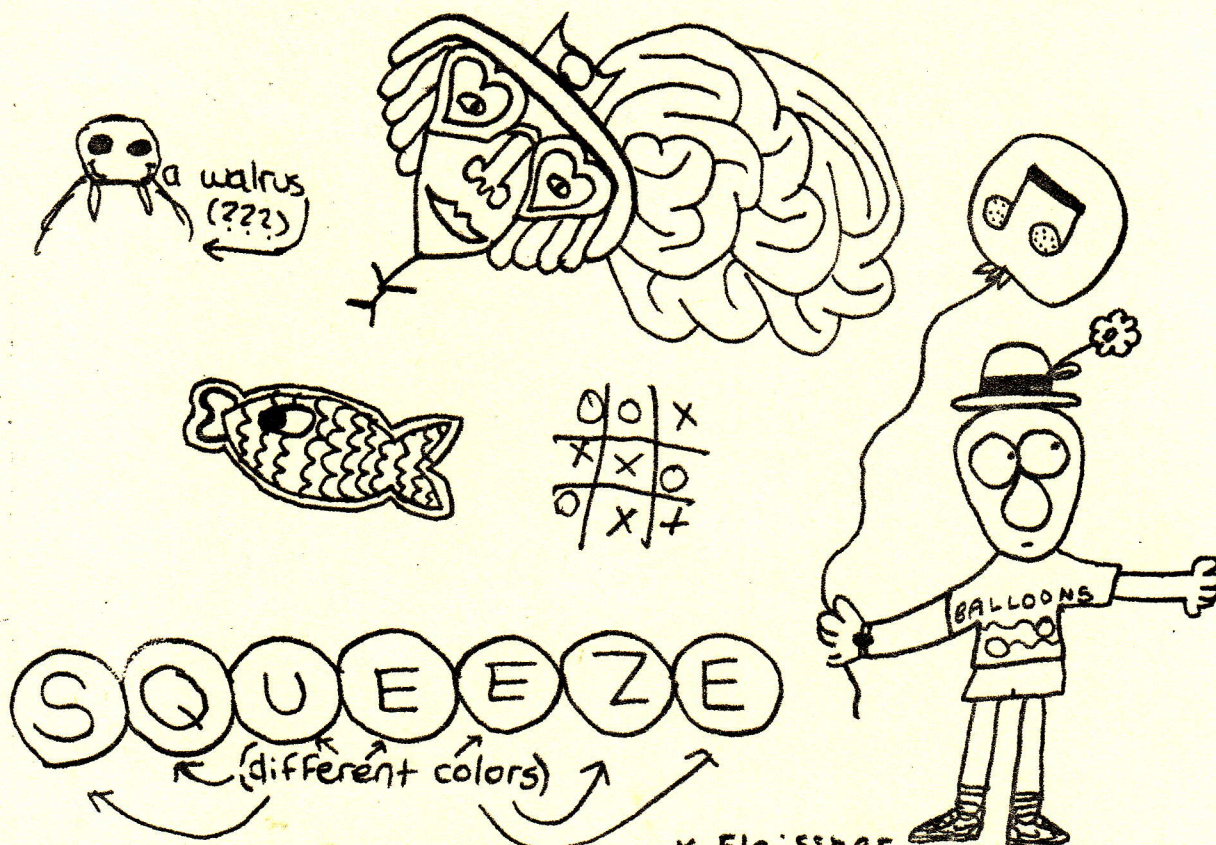
3:45

## Tronble

by Katie Fleissner

One perfectly normal day, I wandered down from Pub to the Art Shop and seated myself beside two friends, Monika and Jennifer. They were busy constructing Union Jacks (endless coloring, I thought). Finding all ways I could to amuse myself while Vera went over my story in Pub, I picked up an unused pen and began to doodle. Now this was no ordinary doodle—I was writing things like "Walrus quts forever" (don't ask), and various other unmentionable quotes straight from my head. One problem—I happened to be doing it on one of Jim's wood drawing boards! Later, when he emerged from the inside of the shop (we'd been working on the porch), Jim sent me over to Wood for sandpaper, and I spent the rest of the afternoon sanding off the board, Monika and Jennifer at my sides! The job having been mainly done, we left. In the bunk later on, Leah, one of Monika's roommates, inquired "Why are your hands all red?" Naturally it was from the pen I had used. But Monika responded quite nonchalantly, "I've been eating pistachios."

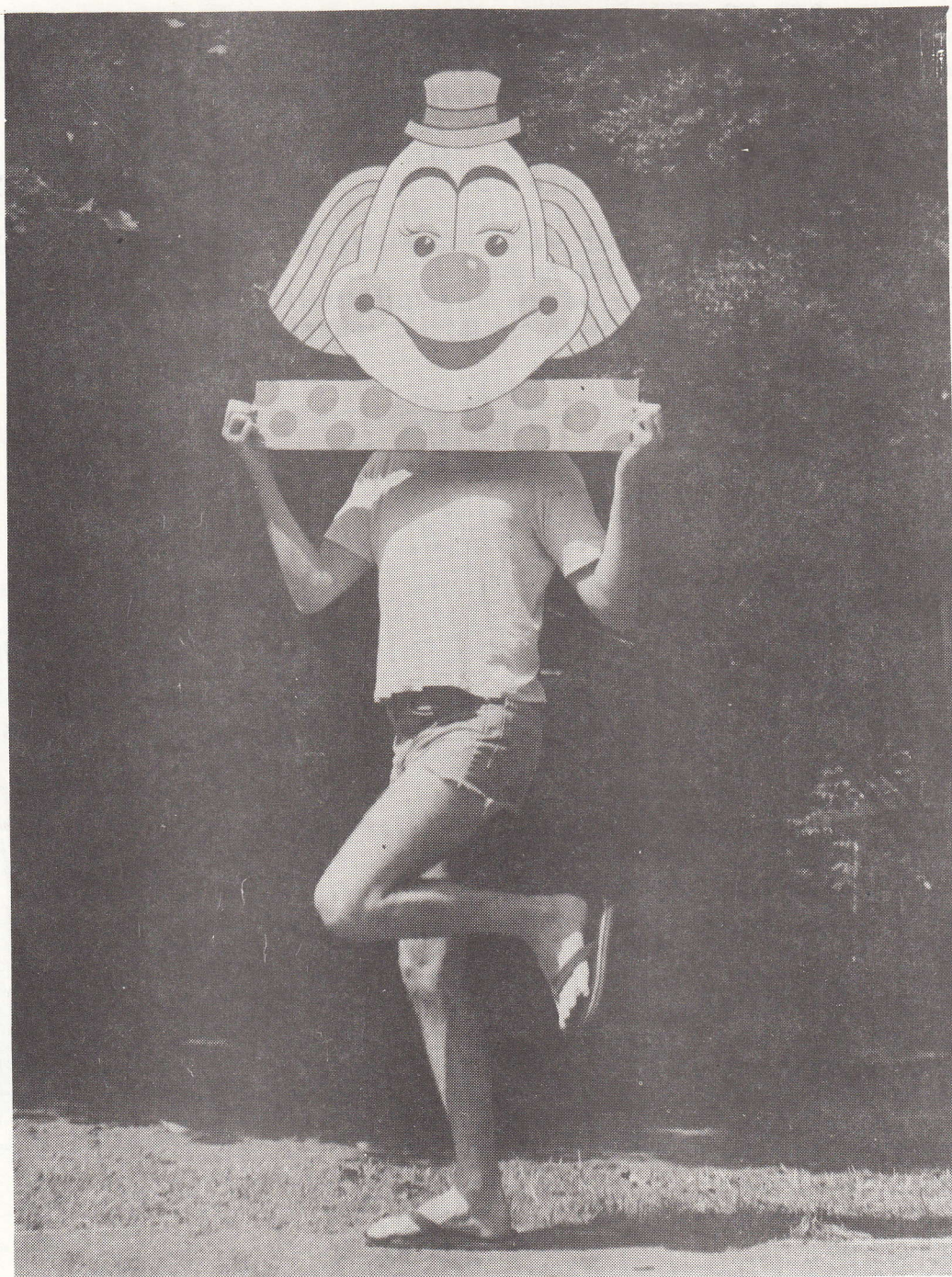
After that incident, I've kept to doodling on paper.





4:00 Clowning

Don Casavecchia





4:05 FMLF

Rv Dan Seiden

Jakeee-Boy, are we great.

Fargo-Wow, I'm really impressed.

Gavin-I feel like a new world has been opened up to me.

Neil-(English accent) We are rather spectacular, aren't we?

Joel-Gee.

Allen-We really are special. Do 'Stairway to Heaven' again.

Lenny-Da!(Translation: We are good; I think I will play many notes on my guitar.)

Dan-I'm just bubbling over with ecstasy. Dave(he says looking at Dave)why are we all so happy?

Dave- It must be because we've brought music to the masses and never once had to clean up after ourselves.

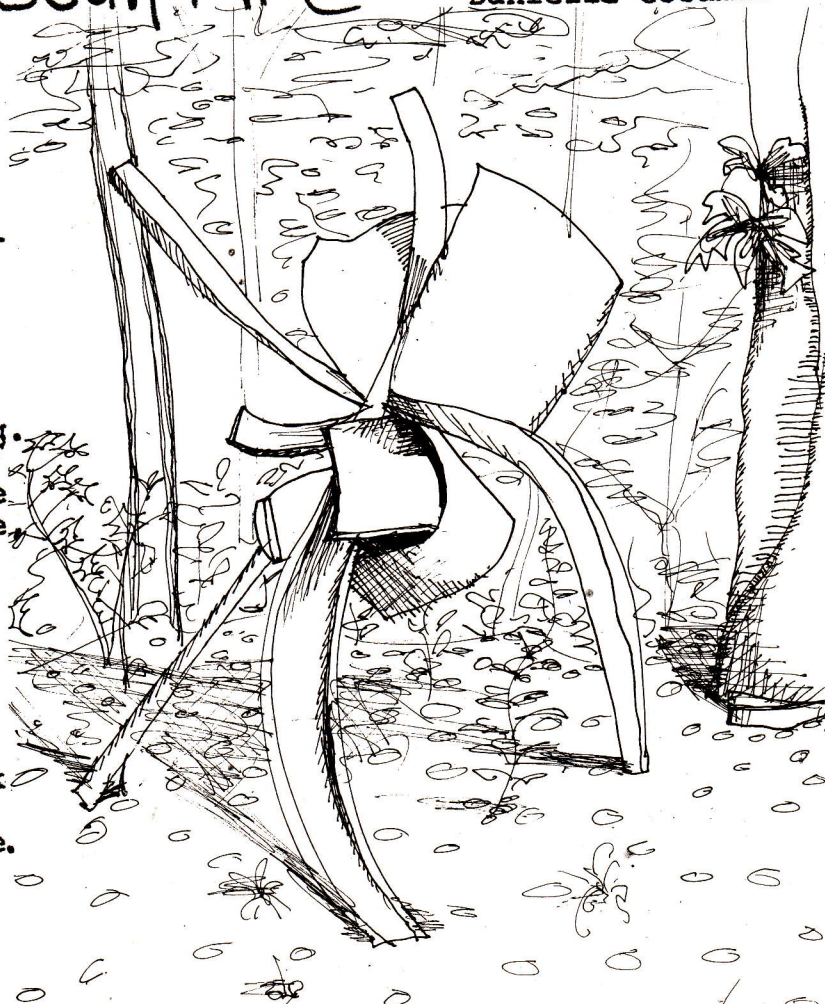
4:07

## Sculpture

Danielle Goodman

The Sculpture Shop is constantly alive with activity. Like a lightning storm, the arc welder flashes behind the curtain. The cutting torch hisses as it forms a shower of sparks and molten metal from the piece of steel it is cutting. The chisel makes a thunderous noise while chips of plaster, stone, and wood hail down. Like a rushing river, the bronze flows into the mold to form a sculpture. After the work is done and the quiet stillness surrounds us, we sit back and enjoy the benefits of our experience.

by Danny Silvershein





## 4:10 Swimming

by Daniel Volchok

On a 75° day, which is pretty cool for Buck's Rock, it's time to go swimming. You run and get your bathing suit on and run for the bus. Unfortunately, as you get to the porch, the bus is just driving away. You sit for another hot 20 minutes and finally get on the bus. When you get down to the waterfront, you spend another 10 minutes getting in because the water is so cold. When you do get in, you have to fight to get an inner tube. You spend ten minutes on it, and you get pretty dry. You spend another ten minutes getting back into the water. You run down to the waterfall and finally have a good time... for about 10 minutes. Then you go back up and get into the normal water again. You freeze. After so much freezing, you are mad and have had enough. The bus comes, and you tell yourself you are never coming again. But when the next day is 90°, you change your mind.

## 4:12 Chess Shop

by James Eichner

I walk up the Boys' House steps and into the chess shop. On a trunk in the corner, Joe is playing John a spirited game of speed chess. Rich is sitting on the side bench reading the game of the week in the New York Times. Suddenly, John makes a mistake, and Joe wins the game. Rich seizes the opportunity and starts setting up to play out the Times game. After marveling at the Master's play and gasping at the news that the two Soviets have defaulted their first game in the candidates' semi-final, we play some more round robin games to see who wins the bragging rites of the shop for today.

## 4:20 Weaving

by Moira McClintock

and Laurin Grollman

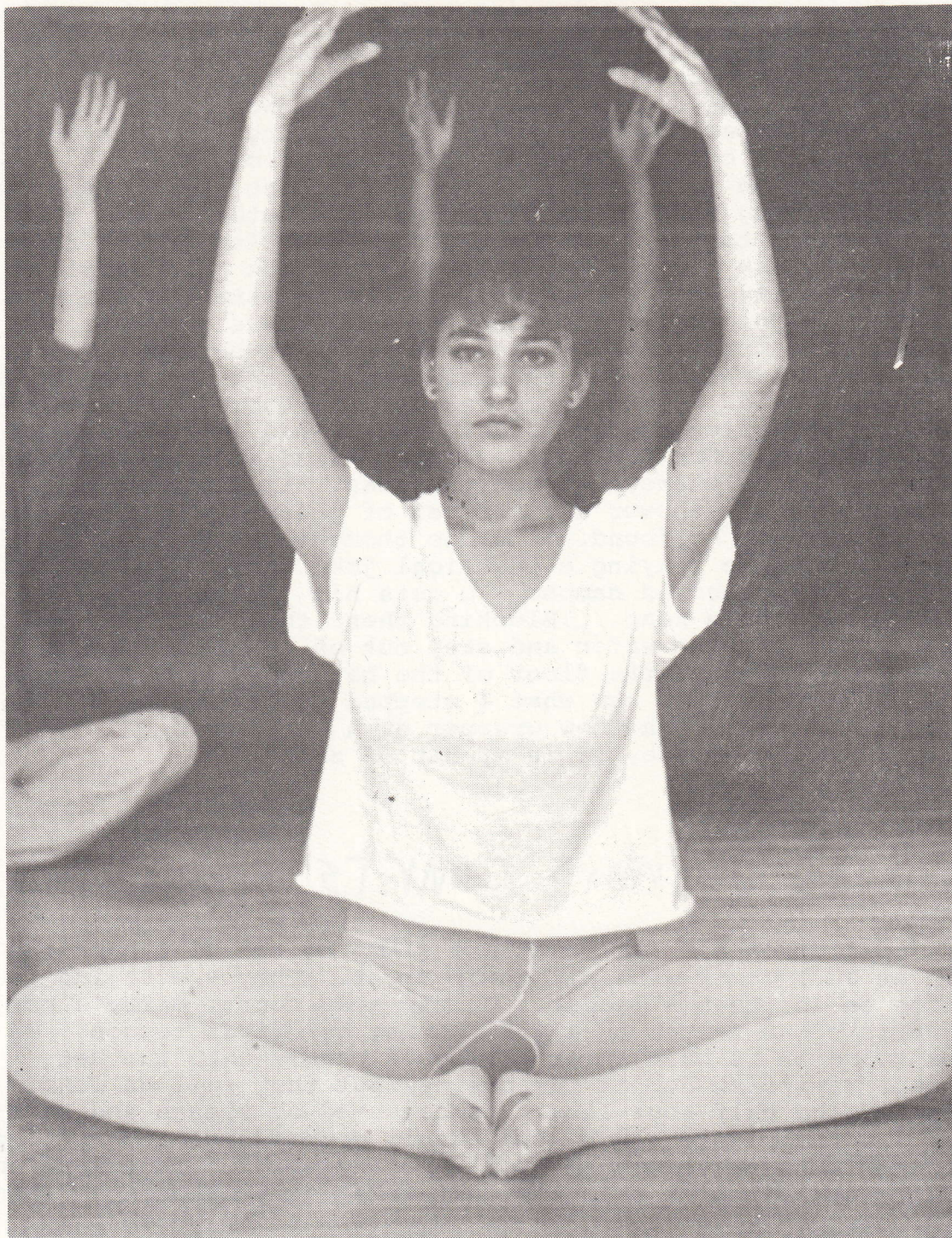
Weaving at 4:20...Nancy, Jackie, Jenny, Chris, Elizabeth, Keri, Sarah...sprinkle cookies...no room for your loom...heat exhaustion...losing your wool...no scissors...no measuring tapes...mass confusion!!...broken strings...tension's off...messed up warps...people screaming, "HELP!"...wasting time talking...winding a warp...tying on...waiting for a loom...GREAT TIMES...and of course --THE VIEW.



4:33

Dance

Annabelle Waller





## 5:00 Shower

by Nicholas Kaufmann

5:00 P.M. I return to my bunk in Boys' Cabins Upstairs from the Pub Shop. I have Gestetner ink all over my hands, which I forgot to wash off at Pub. Why not take a shower? I ask myself. The answer is simple: the showers here really stink. The temperature is constantly changing from scorching hot to freezing cold. So what! I remove my clothes and watch and put on my robe and slippers. I grab the shampoo and Irish Spring soap from the top of my counter. Then I walk out and into the odorous bathroom. Looking around to make sure no one is peeking, I remove the robe and slippers and step hastily into the shower. I fumble with the knobs, and freezing cold water splashes out from the shower head. I fumble some more, and the water is still co-o-old! A voice yells out, "Flushing!" and burning water attacks me from that evil shower head. I scream curses at the stupid fool who so discourteously flushed the toilet, but he has left already. Angrily, I reach for the soap...only to find it missing! The shampoo is still there, but not the soap. Ridiculous! I look all over the shower for the bar of green-white soap, but it is nowhere to be found. Strange thoughts race through my mind. Is someone playing a practical joke on me? Maybe there is some demented camper who gets his jollies by stealing someone's soap....Blocking these thoughts from my mind, I turn off the water and step out of the shower. I step on something on the floor of the bathroom, and slip and fall. I look over to see what I stepped on, expecting to see a discarded Charleston Chew wrapper or a shampoo spill. But it is neither of these, it is my bar of soap.

## 5:15 Tennis Courts

by James Eichner

The kids on the far court are slamming the ball back and forth at each other with all their might. They are trying to advance on the tennis ladder. On the near court, Marty's patience is being tested by a girl taking her first lesson. He tries to smile as ball after ball goes weakly into the net. He keeps reminding her of the basics, but they fall on deaf ears, and the half hour lesson is consumed by misses and weak hits. On the picnic bench, two tennis counselors are swatting the flies that prevent them from enjoying snack. They work on strategy to beat Buck's Rock's next inter-camp opponent. Then the counselors join in a game of doubles, after which they take their showers and lick their wounds.



5:30 Practice

Fran Rosenfeld





5:45

# Stables

by Rachel Biederman

Walking into the stables, I am greeted by signs--"NO TID-BITS: hand feeding teaches horses to bite," "Good, another sucker who doesn't know what 'muck out' means!" and "Get out of the way: Busby's breathing down your collar." These friendly words are accompanied by people pushing wheelbarrows and by horses stamping. However, once I get to know the "Stable Bums and the horses and Clare, Ginny, Roxanne, and Kevin, I have a lot of fun mucking out, brushing horses, and, of course, riding. Horseback riding is a demanding sport, requiring patience and dedication, but it's proportionately rewarding. The feeling I get when I jump or gallop can't be duplicated.



Photo: Brian Gross



# 6:00 Dinner

by Jenny Lyn Bader

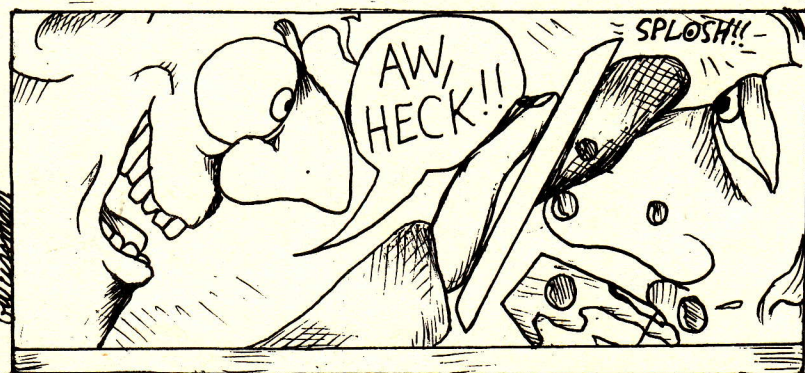
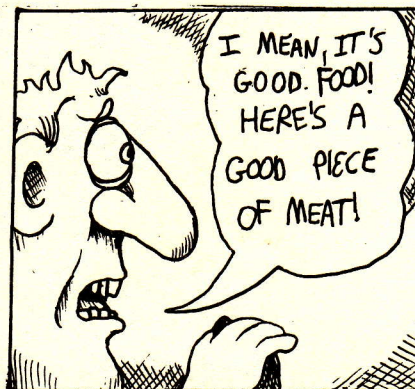
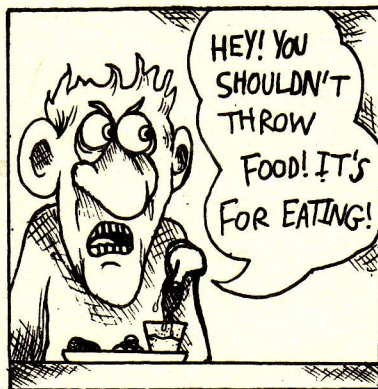
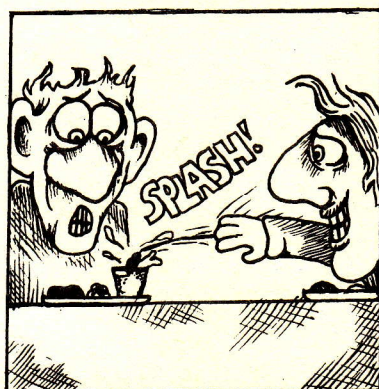
Wrinkled manila paper squares covered with bright purple digits, with the muffled speaker voice counting endlessly. Lining up, branded with a serial number for the night. Standardized bland styrofoam forms. ("You're cutting your plate, not the food!") The rustling of drab white plasticware, complete with violent, deformed sporks. Assembly-line, conveyor belt meals, collated and stacked. Colorless, processed combinations topped with reds and pinks and greens. Condemned CIT's pouring potatoes into limited compartments. People resorting to peanut butter and jelly and watery tuna. Commands blasting: "Come to dinner," "Leave the dining hall," "Come to Silkscreen," "Phone call on the outside phone." Leaving the room, lined up again, convicts leaving the mess hall.

"No, don't throw out your plate!"

"It's backwards!"

"You can't leave with that!"

Caught smuggling iced tea out again. Oh, well. I head for the canteen.





## 6:35 Canteen

Photo: Mark Forbey

After most lunches and dinners, I run down the road madly to get as far away from the dining hall as possible. Too late. There are already 20 people in the A-D line. I see a sign on the wall from position 21: ice cream cones. I get psyched. In about half an hour, I am at the head of the line. After three people cut ahead of me, I ask, "Do you have those ice cream cones?" No such luck.

"Jenny, can't you ask for something original? You've been asking that every day for three weeks."

"O.K., O.K., I was just trying." So then I find out that the other forms of ice cream are mostly melted, they aren't freezing the chocolate bars I like, and they don't carry flashlight batteries. I finally settle for an unfrozen chocolate bar and a soda. Here comes the difficult part.

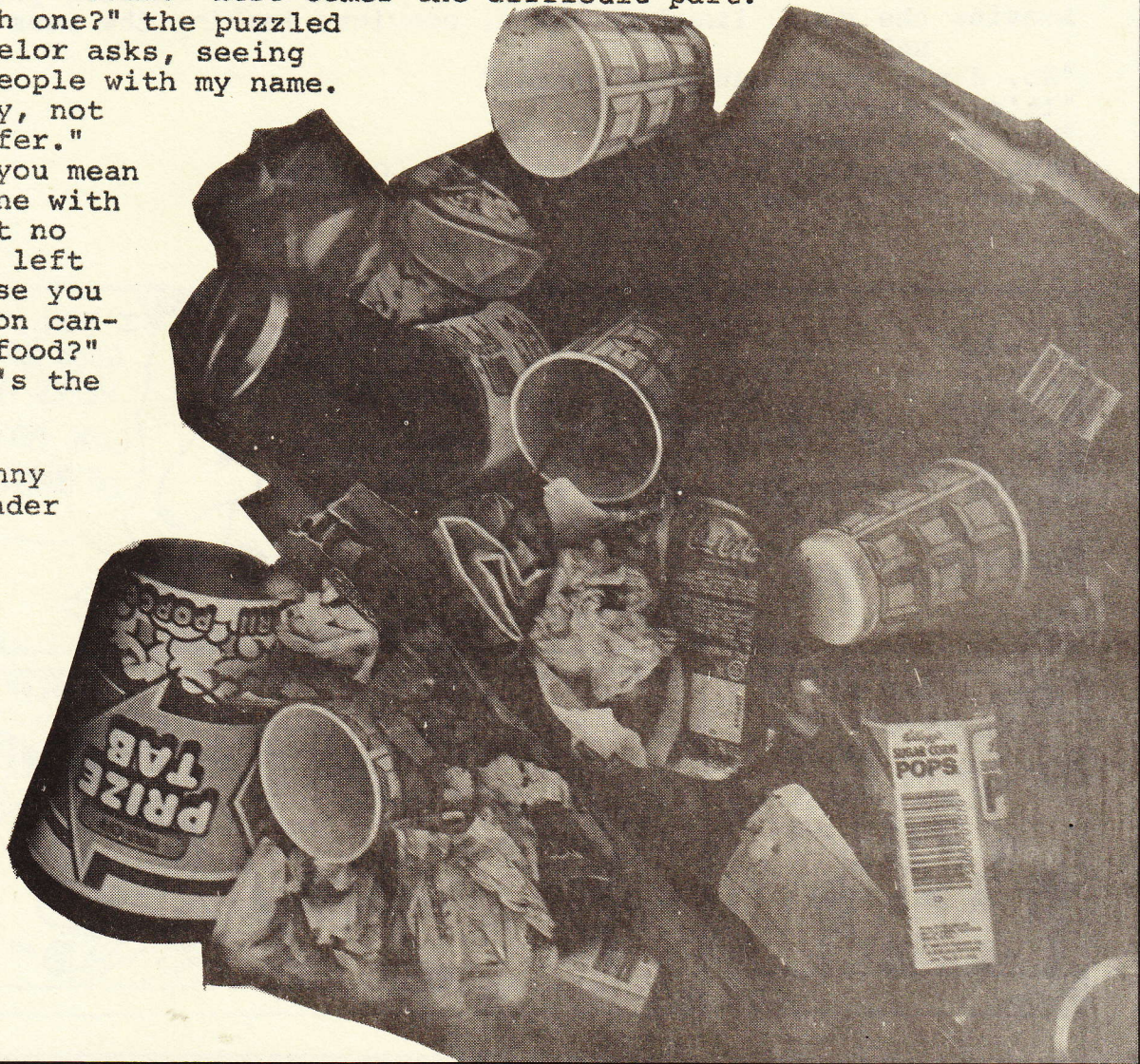
"Which one?" the puzzled counselor asks, seeing two people with my name.

"Jenny, not Jennifer."

"Oh, you mean the one with almost no money left because you live on canteen food?"

"That's the one."

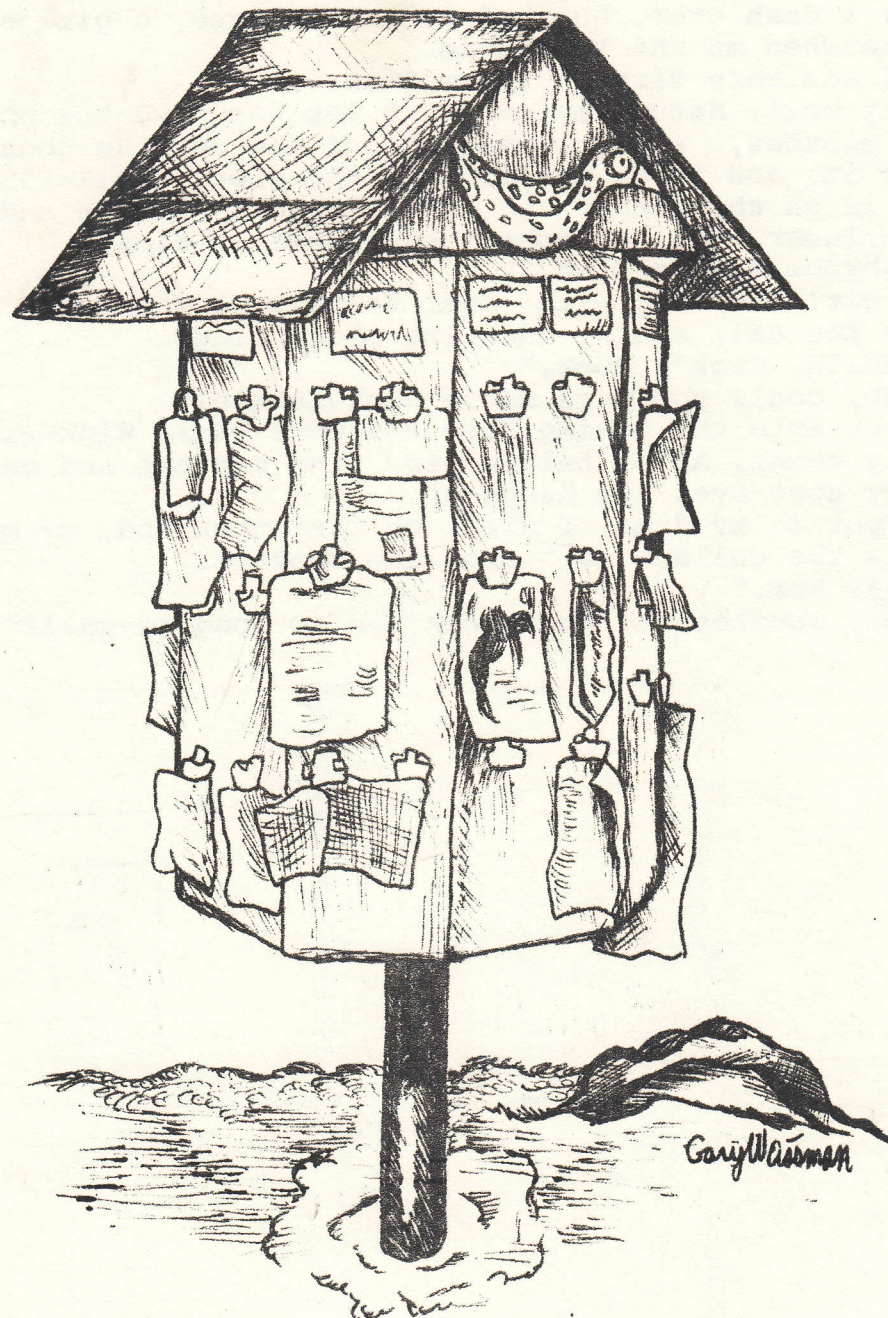
by Jenny  
Lyn Bader





7:15 Birdhouse

Gary Weissman





7:45

## On The Phone

by Kate Lebow

It's 7:45 and I have to call my mother. The outside and Wood Shop phones are being used. I station myself at a convenient spot where I can watch all three phones and grab the first one that is free. Aha! Someone has hung up on the Wood Shop phone! I dash over, but before I get there, a girl sticks her face between me and the phone.

"I was here first," she whines.

Ah, well. Naturally sweet, I let her have the phone. After a few minutes, a boy leaves one of the outside phones. Nobody claims it, and I put the dime in the slot. 0-212-555-3791. All there is on the other end is silence. I hang up and press the return lever. The telephone swallowed my dime!

"Anyone have a dime?"

A girl comes up with one. Hastily, I thank her. I am about to try the call again, when the phone rings.

"Hello, Buck's Rock."

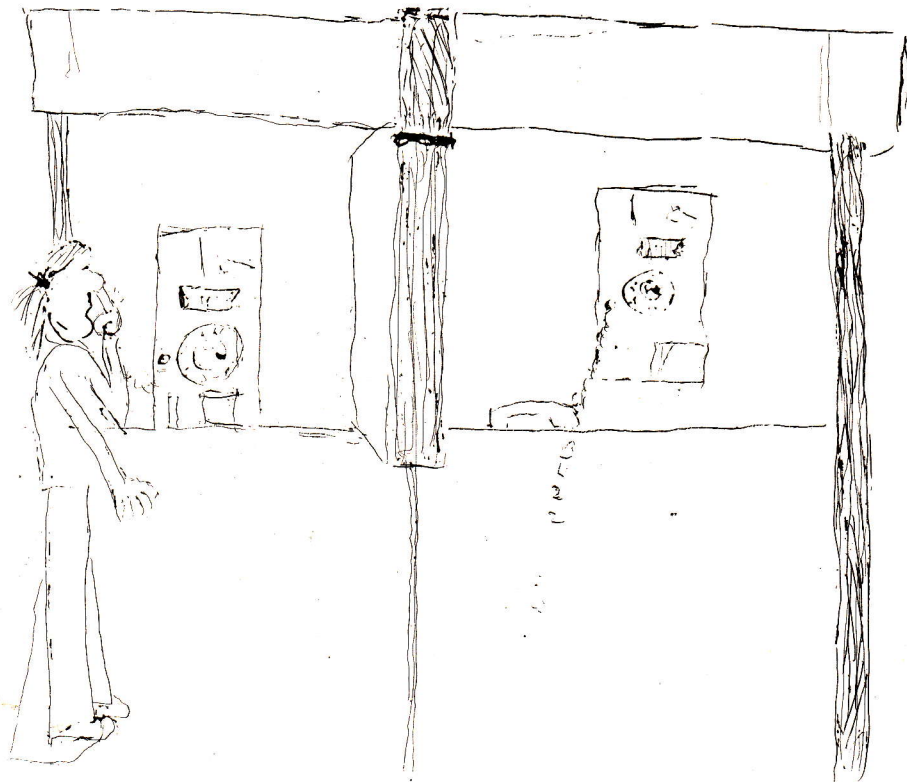
"Uh, could you page Marie Winkelstein?"

I go into the Dining Room and page Marie Winkelstein. She finally comes. After talking for five minutes and ending with a teary good-bye, she hangs up.

I put in my dime. I dial. On the other end, my mother accepts the collect call from the operator.

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi, sweetheart. What took you so long to call?"



Amanda Stern



## 7:50 Volley ball

by Emily Chase

Set, bump, serve!

Volleyball is a challenging sport. The anticipation of whether or not your next ball will shoot straight up and go over the net or you will mess up your chance is exciting and tense.

Becoming part of the volleyball team this summer, my first at Buck's Rock, has enhanced my summer and brought me closer to my teammates.

At least once a week, Marjge and Heidi, our counselors, choose a team of 12 to compete against another camp. These camps are about an hour away, and we spend our time on the bus talking, singing, and getting our spirit up.

When we arrive at our destination, we find it a little frightening because we 12 are overwhelmed by an entire camp. However, our adrenaline starts flowing, our confidence increases, and, most of the time, we win. Even if the other camp is totally sports oriented, we Buck's Rockers try harder and use our creativity to win.

## 8:00 Movie Night

by Craig Frisch

9:35 A.M.: Lou: "Tonight is movie night,--STAR TREK II, THE WRATH OF KHAN. Beam aboard the starship enterprise with Captain Kirk tonight at 8:30."

Star Trek II, the Wrath of Khan. The excitement builds up all day.

8:15 P.M.: My friends and I walk up to the overcrowded movie site where every place is filled with blankets and people eating popcorn. Oh, that's why the canteen was so crowded tonight. As I look up at the sky, to my surprise, it is a clear night. Everybody sits impatient, but orderly.

8:30 P.M.: The excitement becomes a chant: "We want the movie!" Lou gets up and starts to talk. Oh, no! We're in for a long lecture.

8:45 P.M. He is done, the crowd applauds, and the movie begins.

10:50 P.M.: It's all over 'til next time.



## 8:30 Square Dancing

by Todd Berger

Wednesday is going by slowly and I'm just passing time. But then, the loud toll of the gong shatters my thoughts, and I glance at my watch: 8:30. My hopes jump as I think of the square dance.

I march towards the tennis courts passing my friends wordlessly, knowing they shun square dancing.

The tennis courts at last. There's Jim Gold working with the sound system as "test, test" overloads the speakers. Already, a crowd has gathered and more are coming. Some people are practicing--their steps are totally unrecognizable.

Finally, Jim tells us to find partners for "Salty Dog Rag." I have two wishes: my finding a partner and Jim not reviewing. Both are granted and the familiar music blares for a much loved dance.

Next comes "Snoopy" and then "Pota Pota." I'm exhausted and stumble to the water fountain, draining several lakes despite the temperature of the water. I come back as Jim finishes reviewing the next dance, "Amos Moses." I could do it in my sleep. We start and immediately I begin to sing the song as I dance. Then, he announces "Louisiana Saturday Night" and I practice the hardest step. But I've been practicing it all week and know it cold. The dance is really fun, but now I'm hot and snack is here. I quickly guzzle down my pink lemonade and go back.

After dancing every dance, it's good hearing Jim announce the traditional finale, "Good Ol' Days," and I quickly find a partner. He plays the song over three times and we all shout when we reach our original partners. The night quickly ends and I return to my bunk.

During the week, whenever I'm down, I think of Wednesday nights, the Good Ol' Days, square dance nights.

## 9:00 Security Patrol

by James Eichner

It is 9:00 P.M., and I am walking down the road with a group of two boys and three girls. As we pass the Electronics Shop, we notice a group of counselors sitting on the porch of the shop. The Security Patrol. The evening activity is dragging on, so we decide to have some fun. Immediately, we all throw our arms around each other and head up the road. We see the patrol following discreetly in the background. We begin our run up to the CIT area and duck back onto the road. The Security Patrol follows us on tippy-toes and giggle as they walk. They step into every bunk, looking for mysterious couples. We try not to laugh and head back to roller skating with a grin on our faces.



## 9:30 Photo Shop

by David Danzig

As I go into the darkroom I go through the zig-zag passage which blocks out the 'white' light and keeps in the 'red' light. I carry in my box, which contains photo paper and my negatives. The photo paper is sensitive to white light, and if exposed to it becomes useless, but the red light does not harm it. I put my negatives in, test to find the correct time, then print.

After I put the image on the paper, I walk over to a metal table sink. There are three small trays of chemicals and a big tub of water with pictures in it. The first tray is the developer. I put my piece of blank white paper in, and after five seconds, there is a face on it. I leave it in the developer for a minute and a half, and then I put it in the stop bath. 'Stop bath' prevents the picture from developing any further. I leave it in the bath only fifteen seconds. The picture then goes into the fixer. The 'fix' lets me use the picture in normal light. After five minutes, I take it outside; it is good. I leave it in water for ten minutes, and after it dries, I have my photo!

## 9:35 Pioneering

by Todd Sager

The vans pull up to the dark campgrounds and we excited campers spill out. After a half hour of organizing and setting up the tents, dinner is served, well, actually self-served. Everybody finds a stick, spears an innocent hot dog, and has a great time burning it to death. When the hearty meal of smoking hot dogs and cooked potato chips (a new delicacy!) is finished, we start a game of poker. The cards are dealt and the concentration begins. Finally, after three hours of playing, we're told to get to sleep. In the tents, massive pillow fights are held, keeping Dave up all night. At two in the morning, everybody slowly drifts off to sleep.

Five hours later, we are rudely awakened by Dave, who gets breakfast started. We eat lightly as it is hard to stay awake. Now it's time for THE HIKE. The hike is agony. We climb huge mountains without a break. Though we feel like collapsing, we continue for fear of missing lunch. Fifteen miles and a whole lot of blisters later, we arrive at the end of the trail. What relief, as we fall to the ground from exhaustion. But, where is the van? We select a fellow-hiker to go find it. Unfortunately, I am the one! I run a mile and a half until I reach it. Jon, the driver, and I arrive to a strong cheer from a dozen tired campers. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.



9:55

# Suicide

by Gavin Edwards

I'm ready. This is the last Tom Lehrer song at the Winter Concert: "The Masochism Tango". I've been doing lewd and vile acts on stage all evening, and now I'll do the sickest one of all. I'm wearing two towels, I've got a bag of blood concealed in my left hand and a stage dagger tucked in my belt. I go through the motions, abusing myself whenever "Masochism Tango" is sung, always thinking about my climax.

"...As we dance to the Maso - " This is it! I raise my dagger high and plunge it downwards.

" - chism Tango!" The dagger touches my stomach. I press my left hand to my stomach and squeeze the bag. Blood spurts everywhere. It worked! I fall to my knees and onto my back.

"Oy vey!" Laughter, and gasps, from the audience. I get up, and walk off grinning.



By Jason Kasler



## 10:15 Boys' Cabins Put to bed

by Robert Brant

I walk back to Boys' Cabins, the gong still ringing in my head. Once I reach the porch, I bump into my friends, some dressed in underwear, running to the bathroom. Then, in all the confusion, I'm greeted by a house counselor, Glen Gers. "Robert, this is no time to chat; get upstairs, you're late again." Halfway upstairs I see my house counselor looking down at me with a sour look on his British face.

"Where you been, Rober-t; you're ten minutes late." I look to the balcony at 8 counselors. "I was walking around trying to get to my cabin." I smile at him. John Muirhead replies, "O.K., Robert, don't let it happen again." I turn around to hear, "Two minutes to lights out."

10:23

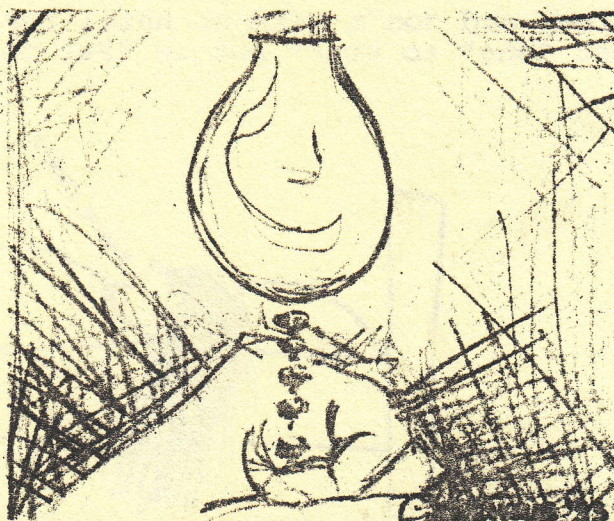
Hans walks in my cabin a third time. He attempts to walk towards the center of my room. Once he is there, he looks down at his legs to find his legs knee high in dirty clothes. "You know...(sniff)...this place smells horrible...You guys keep it down; (pause) it's been lights out for 10 minutes.

10:31

"Hey, you guys," one bunkmate whispers out, "I'm going to make some cup-a-soup. Want any?" "Sure," I reply, and Todd walks out to the bathroom. "Hey, Reuben, pass the Doritos."

12:09

I release a final yawn. I look around the room at my bunkmates asleep. It is time for me to go to bed.





## 10:15 Girls' Cabins Put to bed

By Debi Neff

Throughout Buck's Rock, a gong known to staff as "Put to Bed," but known to campers as "Wake Up," is heard at about 10:30 each night. Since I am such a good girl, I am already in bed when a counselor wanders in. Looking around, she counts campers.

"1, 2, 3...Where's your bunkmate?" and deduces that somebody has not yet returned. Looking extremely puzzled at this phenomenon, she wanders out. Another counselor wanders in and repeats the routine, almost smashing into the Missing Camper on the way out. Leaving us with calls of "Lights out in 5 minutes," she goes out.

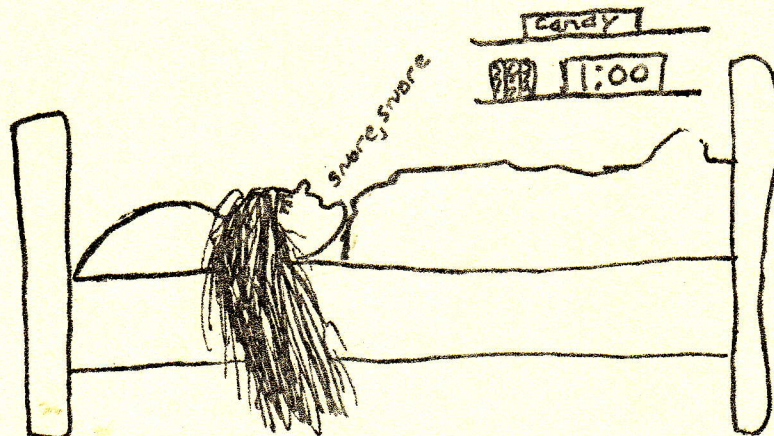
About half an hour later a counselor comes in and shuts off the light. Then the fun begins!

A bunkmate climbs out of bed, and begins a recital of Macbeth until the person who is trying to sleep calls the O.D. She storms in and informs us that if we don't shut up there will be big trouble. She leaves, and we consider this for about 20 seconds. Then we're all out of bed, having a sing-down, until the O.D. wanders in again.

"Girls, it's almost 12, and I can't go off duty unless it's quiet. I'm so tired. Can you do this for me, just this once?" So we shut up for 2 minutes, and then we are discussing the pros and cons of the Weaving Studio and whether or not it should be abolished, when we are interrupted by passionate moaning from the Sleeping Camper. We laugh and imitate her.

The luminous numbers on the clock read 12:30. One cabin mate is sleeping, one is doing an Adam Ant impression for another one, and I am writing a yearbook article.

At 1:00 we contemplate sleeping, decide against it, fall asleep and don't wake up until the gong -- known as the "Breakfast Gong" to staff but as "Put to Bed" to campers.





## 10:30 CIT Snack

by Lisa Greenstein

As the put-to-bed gong rang, I jumped up and ran to the tennis courts. All the CIT's were there, sitting and waiting anxiously for that night's meeting to begin. Finally Phil called our attention, and after his short and entertaining speech, we headed for the picnic table. On this day of the week, the cook always prepared something special for the CIT's, and tonight he had improvised a pizza which was remarkably good. There was apple cider to drink, and brownies. We all stuffed ourselves, and as snack came to an end, one CIT started singing the chorus of "With a Little Help from My Friends." Soon everyone had joined in, and we walked, still singing, back to our bunks.

Believe that? Hah! Believe anything.

## 10:43 CIT Play

by James Eichner

After the put-to-bed gong and CIT snack, a group of CIT's meet on the tennis courts. They are the cast of "Arsenic and Old Lace." Some are still eating Jamaican meat patties and brownies; others are spreading the latest gossip about counselors and the latest CIT romances. Finally, the cast is quieted down, and the reading begins. The actors and actresses who are lying around in odd formations fight the urge to sleep. It is late, and people have had little rest. The reading begins with actors trying to show the right emotion and trying not to miss a line. There is laughter at the funny lines of the play; everyone agrees it is a funny play. Finally, Mitch Remsen, Steve Schweitzer, or Amy Palkha says, "That's it for tonight," and the players trudge off to grab the few hours of sleep they can.



11:05

# Sprint

by James Eichner

It is 11:05 and I wake up to find that I'm in need of a bathroom. Then a second thought strikes me. I live in the boys' CIT area, and the only bathrooms are the portable potties. I put on my robe and mentally prepare myself for the outhouse. As I approach it, I can smell it, and the smell intimidates me. Suddenly, I realize a third thing. There are no lights in the portable potties. I open the door and try to get my bearings. Then my imagination takes over, and I think of all the gross things that could happen. I bolt out, hoping I can get to the Men's Executive Lounge in time.





# 1:00 Can't Sleep

by John Hoffman

I can't sleep. The party next door is still going after who-knows-how-long, and they show no sign of stopping. Their light is on, their stereo is playing, and they have even bribed the CIT's into letting them continue. My head is bursting, and I can't take it.

So I try to keep my mind off of the light and noise. I think about my project in woodshop. The cherry wood goblet will be smooth and beautiful when it is done. I begin turning it on the lathe in my imagination, and it shapes itself in my mind.

Suddenly, a loud bang shoots through my mind and cracks the goblet in two. Another bang. Funsnaps? Those dumb little fire-crackers are going to drive me crackers. I contemplate screaming, but I shrug it off. Still, my neck still aches, and I need my sleep.

I begin to think of my best friend at home. He is a year younger than I, but we have the same interests. I picture him in my mind and remember our last conversation before I took off for this camp. We were both sad, although we knew that we would meet again in two months.

A bright light comes on and washes out my image. Someone has turned on the lights in my bunk!

"Hey, do you guys want to join the party?"

"Yay!"

"Sure do!"

Everyone in the bunk except me piles out through the doorway into the bunk next door. They neglect to shut off the light for me. Someone turns the stereo up. The noise is ringing in my ears. I can't take it. Take me out of here. I can't take it, I can't take it, I can't it...

"Okay, people, back to your bunks and asleep NOW!!!"

Finally! The counselors have finally come from their over-extended meeting and have broken up the party. I feel sorry for those who were enjoying themselves, but for those of us who need our sleep...

It's too quiet.

I can't sleep.

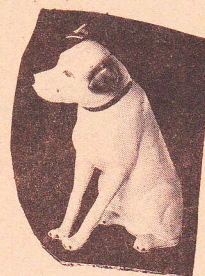
YEEEEAAAARRGH!!!!!!







# SPECIAL EVENTS



SKUNK UPDATE ES

"GREAT TRIALS" PROJECT THEIR

Coming Events

ACT

"ADAPTATION"

CAMP TRIALS

Campers Enjoy

Tanglewood

Pos and Balloo.  
18 RUN IN NEW MILFORD 8

SKUNK

July  
Skating

FRI. July 22  
7 P. & Art Show  
8:30 P. Concert

SAT. July  
Staff Works: of Art, Writing,  
Acting, Music, Pan  
Clowning Talent b,  
Counselors

SUN.  
Oriental  
meeting for Ch

MON. July 25  
Folk Music Liberation  
Front in Music Shed

ACTORS XCEL

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

B.R. GI

CALF BORN ON FARM

Show Delights All

'Romeo And Juliet'

The Stars

C.I.T.'S OPERA



# "GREAT TRIALS" MAKE HISTORY

BY PETER GRAFF and DAN GETZOFF

"Great Trials of History" made history at Buck's Rock on Saturday evening when 55 campers performed in 80 speaking roles in eight different trials. Seven trials were adapted from plays performed professionally. The eighth, "The Trial of Adolf Eichman" was written by Marvin Terban, the director. He adapted the play from the book, the "Laws and Trials that Created History."

According to Lou Simon, camp director, this was the largest cast since he came to Buck's Rock in 1959.

Marvin said he got the idea for this play when he was teaching his sixth grade history class about Socrates. "I was trying to think of something exciting and dramatic for my first show at Buck's Rock. I spent a lot of time researching and adapting the plays, and I had to write one myself. But it was worth it."

The audience agreed. They applauded enthusiastically when the performers crowded the stage during curtain calls. Marvin said,

"The performers satisfied me beyond my wildest dreams." He thanked the campers for being so special at Buck's Rock.

He also thanked Lorna Bailey and her costume crew for "their nimble fingers," Bob Harper for set

The first trial, "The Trial of Socrates," was adapted from the play, "Barefoot in Athens." Judah Domke played the role of a Socrates who was cool and in control of himself. His three accusers, played by Ben Deyo, Jennifer Taub, and Sharon Shafer, were excellent. The trial was well presented but not as lively as the others.

"Joan of Arc" was perfectly performed by Jenny Lyn Bader who played the lead role. Laura Hope Fink, who played the Inquisitor, was also superb. Fine performances were also given by the other three interrogators, Susan Steinthal as Courcelles, Deborah Glassman as D'Estivet, and Lisa I. Bauer as Cauchon, and by Stacey Yaruss as Father Mas-sieu. All in all, this was the most touching and the saddest play.



The third play, "Galileo," had only three characters and was the shortest of the plays. Surprisingly, Galileo was performed by a girl, Ingrid Coleman, who created real emotion and character in her role. Mike Hurwitz, who played Father Firenzuola, and Dan Getzoff, who played the Inquisitor, were relentless as they intimidated Galileo into finally signing a document submitting to the Church's demands.

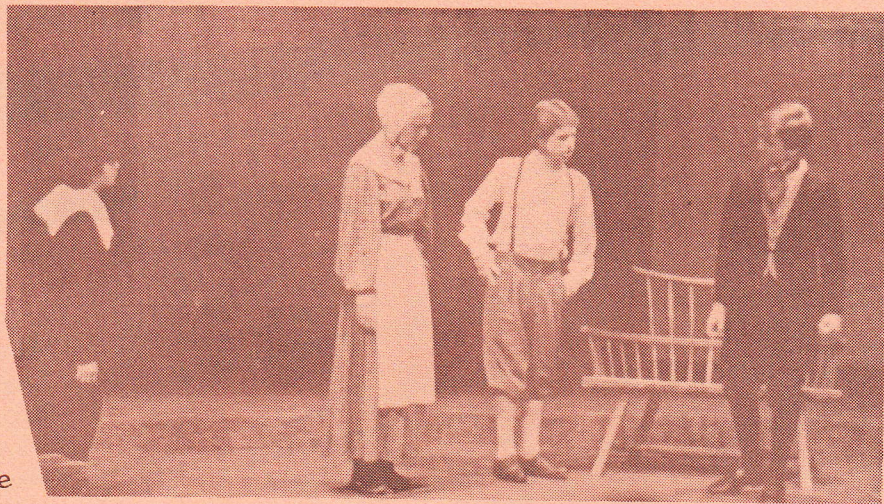
"The Salem Witch Trials" was adopted from the famous play, "The Crucible." Jon Cutler played the formidable Governor Danforth and Missi Leventhal the meek Mary Warren. Both were perfect. Jeff Richter, Katie Kempner, and Eliza Siegler were also excellent. The play was made exciting by the mass hysteria of the Puritan girls.

"The Trial of Shylock" was the funniest of the eight trials. Peter Graff portrayed a comical, yet sad Shylock. He was excellent; the audience appreciated the comic relief. Julie Levine and Rachel Biederman played their roles beautifully.

Russell Pachman, Peter Bulova, and Jay Golland added to the humor and sadness of the trial.

In "The Scopes Monkey Trial," David Grausman as William Jennings Bryan, and Steve Shaw as his opponent, Clarence Darrow, created effective courtroom drama. Milo Bernstein and Amy Clark were very effective in minor parts. Hans Futterman demonstrated great acting ability as Scopes.

"The Trial of Adolf Eichmann" was the most serious of the trials. Prosecuting Attorney Hausner, played by Nancy Furman, was superior, and Julian Borbach as defending Attorney Dr. Servatius



was good. Jon Cutler was effective as Adolph Eichmann. Jackie Jacobson and Julie Sandor were fine as the judges. The witnesses added to the substance of the drama.

"The Devil and Daniel Webster" was the last of the eight plays. The two main characters, Daniel Webster and the Devil, were superbly played by Jonathan Schwartz and Caryn Angelson. Hans Futterman was fantastic as Jabez Stone! The Jury of the Dead was very good as were Josh Isay as Judge Hathorne and Missi Leventhal as the clerk. All in all, this was a great play.



# ACTORS EXCEL IN "ADAPTATIONS"

BY BRETT SINGER

"Adaptations," performed on Friday, July 22, by Actors' Studio, consisted of eight scenes from popular films and a one-act play by counselor Glen Gers, "Miss Lonelyhearts," which he adapted from Nathaniel West's novel.

"All About Eve" was about a fading actress and her younger competition. Lauren Rosenthal was very good as Margo, showing her obvious hatred for Eve very well. Dan Getzoff, playing Bill in the first scene, did a marvelous job trying to calm her down, and finally giving up and leaving. Julie Sandor was a terrific Eve, showing her happiness very well at first, and, when the time came, showing her sadness as well. David Ranz played Addison very well. This was a very good scene, well worth putting in the show.

"On The Waterfront" dealt with two characters, Terry played by Sam Lipsyte and Charlie played by David Grausman. Terry, a boxer, was forced by his brother Charlie to take a "dive." Sam Lipsyte was terrific, showing his pain well. David Grausman was convincing.

"Harold and Maude" was about a teenager who falls in love with an 80-year old woman. Lisa Bauer actually looked 80, thanks to a great makeup crew, and sounded 80, thanks to a great acting job. Peter Graff was a perfect Harold; you could almost believe the things he said about killing himself.

"Annie Hall" was a love story played by Laura Dembe and Ben Deyo. Both did a fabulous job performing this funny scene.

"Ordinary People" was played by Josh Zuckerberg and Kerri Green who showed their feelings for each other very well.

In "Saturday Night Live" you really got the feeling that Jennifer Senior didn't like Sam Lipsyte very much and lived a very different life than he did. Great acting by both.

"The Producers" was fabulously funny and the best of the eight scenes. David Grausman and Missi Leventhal were terrific. "I want that money," still rings in my ears.

"They Shoot Horses, Don't They" was the saddest of the scenes as Jennifer Taub danced with Mitch Remson, sharing her sad story. Hats off to Peter Biegen for directing such a fine play.

"Miss Lonelyhearts" was interestingly done. No one left the stage when he or she was not speaking, but remained there, showing no expression. Michael Hurwitz was terrific as Miss Lonelyhearts, showing his concern for people very well. It was an emotional and sad play. Jennie Bernstein did a fabulous job directing.



# Romeo And Juliet' Under The Stars

BY DEBI NEFF

155 campers and about 10 staff members were treated to the Danbury Theater Festival's delightful production of "Romeo and Juliet" on Tuesday evening, July 12. The play was staged in beautiful Richter Park.

After arriving and strolling around for a time, campers and counselors sat down to a picnic supper of chicken cheese, celery, carrots, and fruit, and, of course, PB&J and bread and butter.

When they returned to the theater area, there was a single juggler walking around, making people laugh at his ridiculous antics.

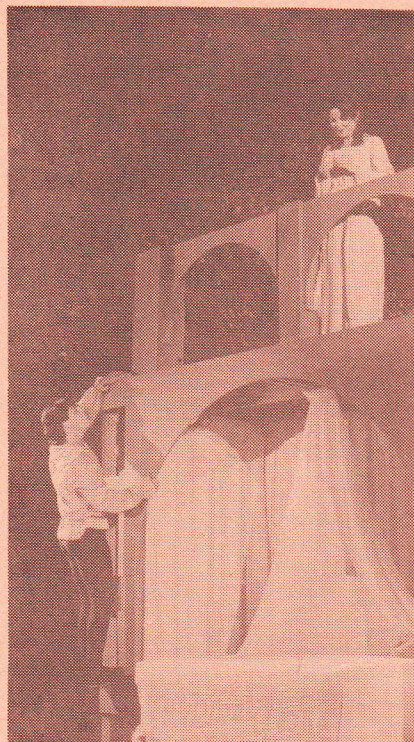
Instead of the traditional Theater-in-the-Round, this presentation was more like Round-in-the Theater, for the audience sat in the center and moved around to follow the action of the play.

Daryl Kenny Osborne was wonderful as Juliet. She was convincingly young and innocent. Ms. Osborne took on a difficult role and sustained her fine and credible characterization throughout. In fact, when people spoke with her later, they found it hard to believe that she spoke normally!

Jason McCarthy was perfect as Romeo. He, too, was convincingly young and innocent, and, in this reviewer's opinion, a real lover.

In fact, the whole cast was fine, with the exception of Judy Sullivan as Juliet's mother, Lady Capulet. Ms. Sullivan's shrill, unpleasant voice was irritating throughout the performance. The only other flaw was the ballet which was woven into the play. Most people agreed that the ballet was too much.

But almost everyone who attended enjoyed the play. It was a wonderful evening and night.



(photo / ROBERT BRANT)



# Campers Enjoy Tanglewood

BY JAMES EICHNER

A group of Buck's Rock music lovers - counselors and campers - went to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its summer home at Tanglewood in Massachusetts on Sunday, July 17. The Buck's Rockers were treated to an afternoon of sun and classical music.

The camp party arrived about noon and had a picnic on the spacious Tanglewood lawn.

Unlike other years, this trip included seats in the Music Shed instead of only sitting on the lawn. The new arrangements were made because of fear of extreme heat as was the case last year. The plan gave people options and allowed them to select the Music Shed, the lawn, or both.

The concert itself started with Brahms Variation on a Theme of Haydn, Opus 56a and Henze's Barcarola for Large Orchestra. Noted pianist Alicia de Larrocha took center stage after the intermission and played Falla's Nights in the Garden of Spain and Ravel's Piano Concerto in G to an appreciative audience.

Michael Lirtzman, music counselor, selected this particular program because, "The music on the program was varied. It featured both Romantic and Contemporary pieces. The pianist is one of the greatest living pianists. Of all the possible Sundays it seemed best. When he was asked what he wanted campers to get out of the concert, Michael said that would depend on their level of musical knowledge. But he hoped people enjoyed it on whatever level they wanted.

The Buck's Rockers attending Tanglewood were unanimous in their praise of the day. Camper Steve Williams, a musician in his own right, said, "I loved it because I love that kind of music." CIT's Nicole Gross and Corrine Schiff echoed Steve's feelings. Nicole said, "I liked it because I like sitting on the grass listening to music." Corinne added, "I like it because it was relaxing. I would like to go again."

## Coming Events

- WED. JULY 27  
Over 35/Under 35 Counselor softball game
- THURS. JULY 28  
Roller Skating
- FRI. JULY 29  
Carnival
- SAT. JULY 30  
Pippin
- SUN. JULY 31  
Old Timers' Softball Game  
Talent Show  
Dialogue between alumni and campers
- MON. AUG. 1  
Concert
- TUES. AUG. 2  
Movie--The Chosen
- WED. AUG. 3  
Square Dance with Jim Gold

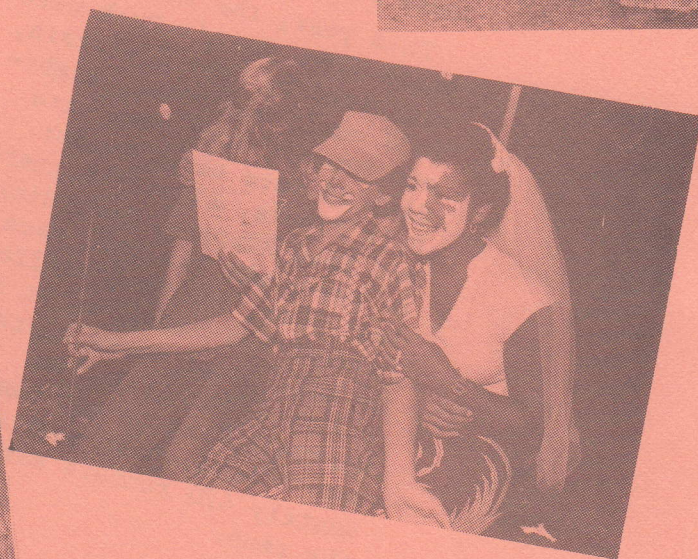




# CARNIVAL '83

PEOPLE COULD GET COUNSELORS SOPPING WET, THROW DARTS AT MICKEY MOUSE OR A SALAMI, EAT, WIN COUPONS, TAKE THE PEPSI CHALLENGE, HAVE THEIR FORTUNES TOLD OR PURSUE ROMANCE VIA THE KISS-O-GRAM AND THEN GET MARRIED BEHIND THE CANTEEN. THERE WAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF FRIENDLINESS AS PEOPLE WANDERED FROM ONE BOOTH TO ANOTHER....

BY GAVIN EDWARDS





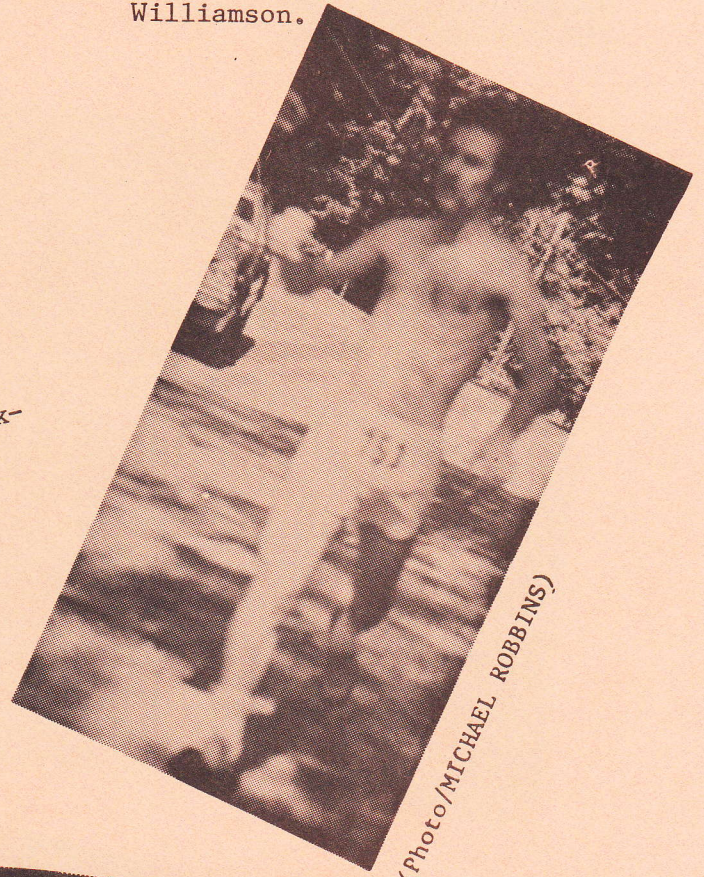
# 18 RUN IN NEW MILFORD 8

BY DOUG COHN

It was that time again when runners stretched and warmed up in anticipation of the annual New Milford 8, the winding, hilly course that separated the runners from the spectators. Eighteen counselors and campers joined hundreds of participants on Saturday, July 23.

This year, the participants from Buck's Rock were organized by Dave Edelstein, folk music counselor. Eighteen runners from camp were divided into three teams: Folk Flyers, Blister Burners, and Road Rippers. According to Dave, who ran this race last year, the most difficult part of the course is at the 6½ mile point where there is a very steep hill from Merryall Road to the Canterbury School. Last year approximately 420 runners entered the race.

Runners from Buck's Rock included: Dave Edelstein, Daniella Lednicer, Andrew Simon, Adam Schweitzer, Pete Meyers, Joanne Settel, John Krabbendam, Jacob Farmer, Ginny Mason, Karen Arnold, Doug DeGood, Bob Zimmerman, Phil Williamson, Janet Gross, Brian Gross, Jeremy Donson, Mary Jane Constant, and David Williamson.



(Photo/MICHAEL ROBBINS)

## SKUNK

BY AMY CLARK

The camp has a new visitor: a skunk. No, not your bunkmate, a little white and black creature: a skunk. It has been seen around camp by campers and counselors alike.

"I saw it once," said Chester Kirchman, woodshop counselor. He saw it one night last week while he was on O.D. Roxanne Euben

said, "I was on security patrol up by weaving. I figured it was a camper having a good time; instead, there was an albino-looking skunk. Chris Forby thought it was a cross between a rabbit and a badger. He saw it by the infirmary.

When asked, many campers didn't think the skunk posed a problem at all. Troy Levine felt the skunk would not be a problem so

long as it didn't 'spray.' Chester Kirchman agrees with Troy. "If the skunk 'sprays,'" he said "special soaps are needed to get the smell out. People will find all sorts of ways to disguise the smell because, believe me, it will be around a while...as long as a month."

So, this is just a warning--don't bother the skunk, or it will bother you.



# Buck's Rock Becomes Civilized

BY GAVIN EDWARDS

In the beginning of the show, God, a.k.a. Lou Simon, created Adam and Eve. Then in biblical times, there was a telethon to save Isaac. This was followed by the classical ages, when the crew of Star Trek came to the siege of Troy. In the medieval period, Rod Serling analyzed Hamlet. In modern times, there was a fireworks show that sputtered.

What spectacular and wide-ranging show would you find this insanity in? The two hour play, "Civilization: An Epic Pageant in One Act," which took place Friday, August 5, at the Buck's Rock volleyball courts.

The play was written, cast, organized, and narrated by Glen Gers. His inspiration? "When I was at Yale, I was told my shows were too small. So a friend and I decided we'll do the Bible, ha ha ha. It was a big success, and we did the Greek Ages the year after. I took material from those old plays and wrote some new material around people."

One hundred counselors participated in "Civilization." Considering that there were no rehearsals, that the cast was huge, and that everyone had only the pages of their part, the show went amazingly smoothly. Only two or three cues were missed.



PHOTO BY JASON KASLER

The casting was ingenious. For example, Michael Lirtzman played Solomon; Stefan Widmer was a barbarian; and of course, Lou Simon was God.

The audience was vocal throughout, laughing at and applauding jokes, and booing the few atrocious puns in the show. As Danielle Goodman said, "It was corny, but good."

The counselors also had a good time. Andy Curtis (Attila the Hun) said, "It was a lark."



# Dancers Dazzle and Delight

BY KATE LEBOW

The amphitheater had a full house at 8:30 P.M. on August 6. The hubbub of the audience subsided as the lights went down. The music started and Dance Night began.

The program opened with a fast-moving number, "Tad-cym Chips," which was excellently danced by Emily Fishman, Rachel Hartstein, Amanda Heyman, Nina Lesser, Jodi Reisman and Caroline Sussman and choreographed by Mara Platt.

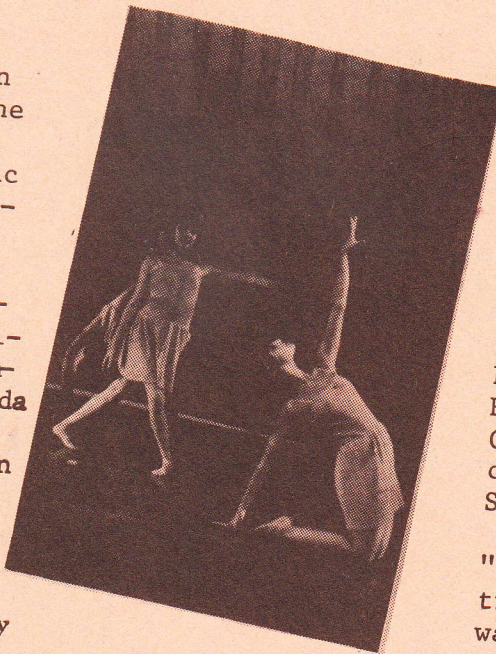
This was followed by "Trio with Flute, Dance, and Body Shell," an extremely modernistic piece choreographed and performed by Jose Sanchez, who was accompanied by Rheva Kaplan on the flute.

"Cole Slaw," a Fred Astaire tune, was next, a humorous dance in top hat, white tie, and tails. It was choreographed and danced by David Grausman, Gary Weissman, Evelyn Cooper and Jennifer Gilison.

"Tails" (but not coat tails this time) was danced to a tune from the musical "Cats" and performed with feline grace by Rachel Hartstein, Nina Lesser, Mara Platt, Jodi Reisman, Caroline Sussman and Nina Weiss. It was choreographed by Caroline Sussman.

This was followed by the only ballet piece, "Pastorale," with music by Stravinsky. The singing was by Bess Morrison who was accompanied by Danny Anker on the piano. This *pas de deux* was danced by Jorge Ledesma, who was also the choreographer, and by Abbie Koss.

Mara Platt danced a solo



(photos/DEBBIE KOGAN)

to the old song, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." The imaginative dance was titled "Ms"; it depicted a housewife cleaning while she listened to music.

Following the intermission was "Where Did Our Love Go," danced to a song by Diana Ross and the Supremes. Rachel Hartstein, Mara Platt and Caroline Sussman danced; the choreography was by Jose Sanchez.

Next came a top number, "42nd Street," in the true tradition of Broadway. It was choreographed by Evelyn Cooper and danced by Evelyn and Jennifer Gilison.

Kathryn Paltrowitz choreographed and danced "Lonely." It was beautifully done and received great applause from the audience.

"Running at the Moon," the last dance, was longer and involved more dancers than any of the other numbers. The music was divided into three movements. Choreographed by Jorge Ledesma, the dance was a tour de force 16 minutes in length. Its theme was galactic orbiting—in fact, two of the movements were named "Orbit I" and "Orbit II." All the dancers revolved around Jorge Ledesma, which gave the dance an unusual form.

The set, costumes, and lighting were excellent and enhanced the performances. The set consisted of a backdrop which was intricately strung out and woven. The costumes and lighting suited the mood of each dance.

Dance Night was enjoyable because of the excellent quality of the performances and the wide range of dance forms presented.



# PIPPIN

by Rachel Biederman

"Rachel Biederman."  
Oh, my God, they called me FIRST! I got up, shaking, to meet a stony stare (I thought) from Kate Harper, the director. I got up, sang, messed up, sang "Happy Birthday," sat down again, and nearly fainted with relief.

I nearly fainted again when I was called back, and then nearly died when I didn't make it after all. In spite of this, I went to Kate's acting classes, and after a week of Actor's Studio, she told me that she had gotten a bad impression of me at the auditions and that she'd decided she wanted me in the show. That was the closest I've ever gotten to really fainting.

I plunged into a whirlwind of rehearsals and voice lessons to catch up on what I had missed. After my first rehearsal, I dragged myself outside and wondered if I could catch up. In a week, the cast had learned almost all of the music and the lines, and they were just beginning choreography. However, I did catch up in about a week, and I got to know the people I was working with. I don't think I've ever seen as cast as close as the one we had. We spent extra time together, learning parts of dances and phrases of music or learning lines. I particularly remember Nina Lesser trying to get my arms to work right in "Glory." When we had finished our second dress rehearsal, we nervously went to hear Kate's notes on our performance, dreading the usual-- "What are you doing, Lewis?" or "Fastrada, I can't see your face, tie your hair back!" Instead, Kate greeted us with a tearful smile and said, "Well, you really did it."

From then on, things went beautifully. When we finally got on stage for "Magic To Do," our first number, I was nervous for about forty-five seconds. Then everything seemed to click. Everything worked well; virtually no one messed up. Even the duck quacked on cue. I think it was a production that Buck's Rock will remember for quite a while.

## CALF BORN ON FARM

BY ROBERT BRANT

Blue Cheese, a cow who arrived at Buck's Rock just seven days ago, gave birth to a beautiful female calf at about 2:15 Saturday afternoon.

Campers were busy preparing for the Animal Show that was scheduled for 3:30.

One of the campers, David Feig, was helping counselor Kim Stiles when he saw the two front hoofs of a calf sticking out from under the

tail of Blue Cheese, who was quietly lying on her side. Extremely excited, David told Kim and camper Chris Stevenson, who jumped into the car and drove to the office to alert the rest of the camp.



# CLOWNS 'CELEBRATE'

By ELISSA LEIF

The Buck's Rock audience was treated to a fantastic performance on August 9 by the Buck's Rock Clown Theater.

Before the show started, the clowns created a circus-like atmosphere with pink, yellow, blue and white banners and a huge welcome sign lining the road to the amphitheater. This was accompanied by the side show, featuring a live band, jugglers, magicians, and contortionists. Popcorn was given out to the audience by vendors.

The show began with a Broadway-like opening called, appropriately enough, "Celebrate." Jugglers, dancers, a stilt-walker and even a unicyclist appeared together in a well choreographed number. From then on, they had their audience entranced.

One of the audience's favorites was "The Clown Corps de Ballet" with Peter Straus, Elissa Leif, Kerri Green, Doug Cohn, Nika Futterman and Eve Gurian. The audience was already laughing when Doug Cohn came out in a blond wig, combat boots and a tu-tu. It was obvious a lot of hard work had gone into rehearsals for this routine, and it showed; the movements were precise and extremely funny.

Another favorite was "The Writer"; Seth Ubogy, the writer, constantly changed his mind about what he wanted his characters, Kerri Green, Peter Straus, and David Pogrebin to do. Superb sound effects really added to this skit.



(photo/BRIAN GROSS)

Finally, the writer decided to make it a musical and the characters sang and danced their way off.

Other routines involved skills such as magic and juggling. People are still asking how the substitution trunk trick was done. One magician, Bobby Feigin, climbed into the trunk while the other, David Ubogy, stood on top. At the count of three, Bobby appeared on top of the trunk. But surprise, surprise when the trunk was opened, out popped Miss Veggie Farm, Nika Futterman, searching for Ben, host of the beauty pageant in the last show.

The juggling routine, "Follow the Bouncing Ball," was not really that. The balls were not dropped very often and when they were, the mistakes were covered up with smiles. The tricks were difficult and done in tandem and the triple passing in the triangle was flawless and amazing. The jugglers were Elissa and Steven Leif and Peter Straus, and they really worked well together.



(photo/ STUART PUDELL)

A very dramatic routine was "Walter Mitty" played superbly by David Grausman. Walter, while waiting on the unemployment line, dreamed he was a famous surgeon, lion tamer, rock star, and assistant to God. Each time he failed at one of these jobs, the line moved up, until he was finally at the front where a voice said, "Sorry, no experience, next."

The final act, "There goes the neighborhood" was meant to make the audience think. In it, two neighbors, David Grausman and David Pogrebin, were competing for who had the most, the best, the biggest, whether it was door knockers or flowers. The slobby neighbor got angry because he was losing in these little exchanges. He retaliated by breaking the snob's window. The snob returned with a bomb and blew up the slob. Without thinking, he killed his neighbor, and there was no way he could change that. This act illustrated how clowns not only make you laugh, but make strong statements about the shortcomings of mankind, such as their stupidity in the nuclear arms build-up.

Tom Dougherty, clown counselor, closed with a quote from the book, "The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder," by Henry Miller.

"Clown, while remaining a man, has to become something more: he has to assume the power of a very special being with a very special gift. He has to make people laugh. It is his privilege to re-enact the errors, the follies, the stupidities, all the misunderstanding which plague mankind. Clown wishes not only to make



people laugh, for that is easy enough, he wishes to impart a joy, a joy that would prove imperishable."

According to Elissa Leif, the reason why the show was such a success was because it showed all the aspects of clown theater and did them all so well. "The most important thing about a show, though, is that the audience enjoys watching it and the cast enjoys putting it on. If what I've heard is true, the show was a smashing success," she said.

Adam Schweitzer said that the show showed a lot of hard work, especially the juggling; it was all-around entertaining and fun to see.

Jeff Richter said, "All I can say is that it was excellent."

Kim Zern loved everything, especially Walter Mitty.

Bobby Feigin, a clown, said, "There was a closeness in the clown alley that could not be found anywhere else in camp and, because of this closeness, it would all have

been worthwhile even if the show had been a flop, which of course it wasn't. It was like totally awesome."

David Pogrebin, clown, said, "It was a bumpy ride in the Buck's Rock clown car, but we reached our destination with flying colors."

From the reaction of the audience, Buck's Rock clown alley is a growing force in camp and here to stay.



# Greasers: Prime Time Entertainers

BY BILL ERLICHMAN

When The Greasers formed here in 1981, they had no idea that, just two years later, they would have a repertoire of forty songs, including fourteen originals. In addition, they have recorded three times, played in nightclubs and at parties, are scheduled to appear on national TV, and have an E.P. record coming out in the fall.

The Greasers -Rob Kuropatwa, Bill Erlichman, Jason DeSalvo, and Brett Fishman- practice during the year, something that has been very difficult for the band but something they always manage to pull off in spite of the problems in meeting at each other's houses.

On August 5, a crew from "Kidsworld," a CBS television, came to film the group on location at Buck's Rock. The show will be televised in New York on prime time for a special, "Kidsworld Around New York." It will also be shown all around the country.

The concert was filmed on the soccer field; the interview and the re-enactment of the group's original meeting took place in other locations around camp. During the taping, the band played songs over and over to get different angles of them and the audience. If a mistake was made, the band had to do a retake.

On August 9, The Greasers traveled to Camp Wah-nee to give a concert for 600 people.

It was a little awkward because the audience was seated in front and behind the band. However, after the introduction by roadie Mike Hurwitz, it was all singing, dancing and clapping.

In addition to Mike, other Buck's Rockers help The Greasers with their concerts. Kenny Peyton, George "Frank" Skaryak, Rob Tewlow, Bob Angelson and Dave Paris help.

The Greasers have had a very productive summer and hope to succeed in the music world. Most of all, they want their philosophy of music to live on. According to Robbie: "Music should be something up, fun to listen to and fun to perform. It shouldn't have a political message; it should be an escape."



Photo: George Skaryak

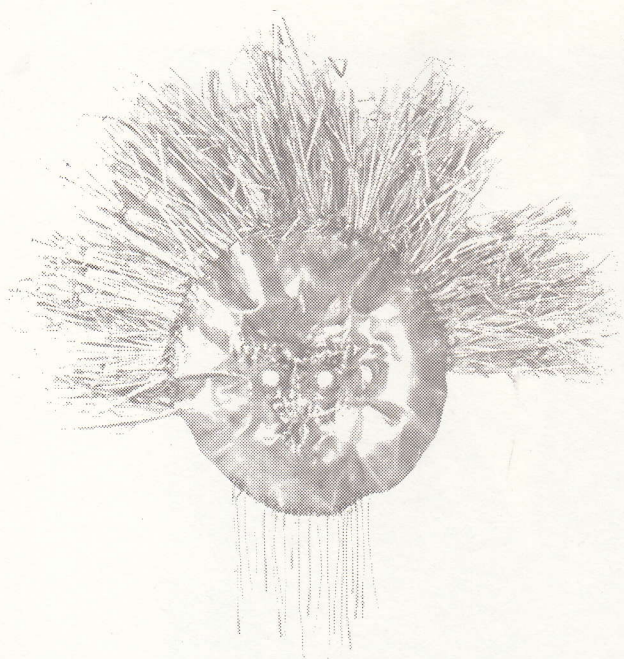




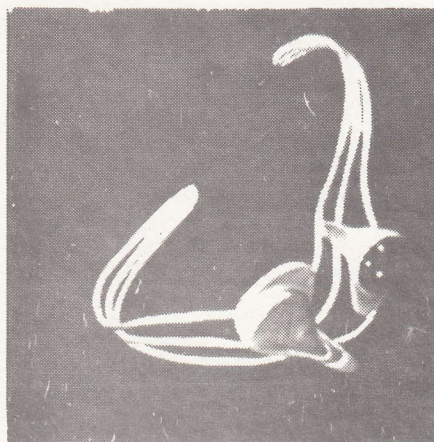
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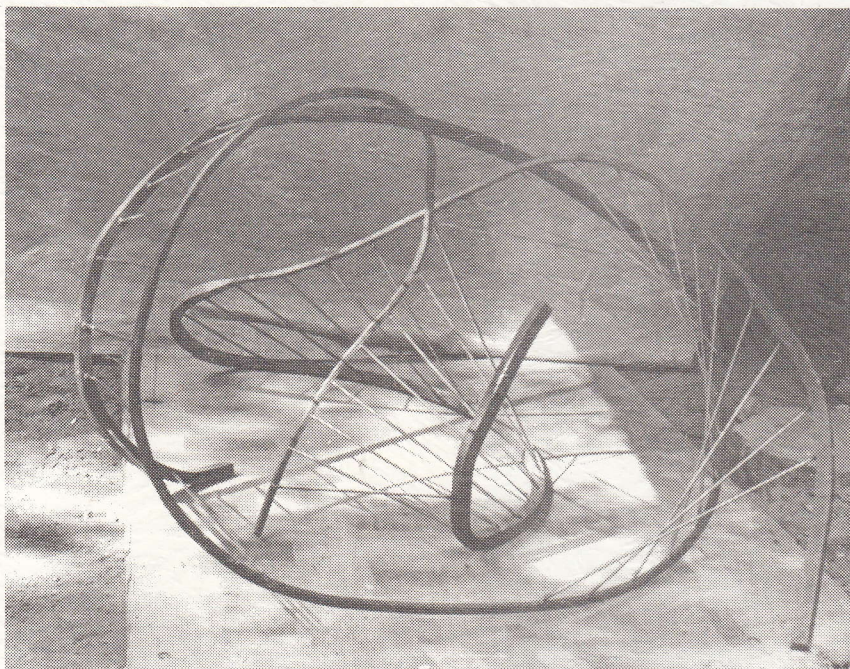


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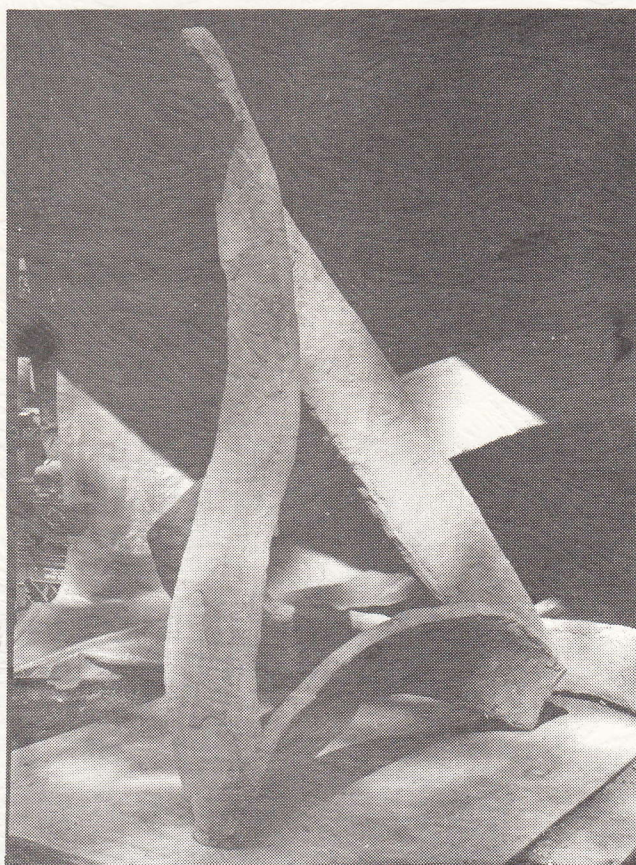


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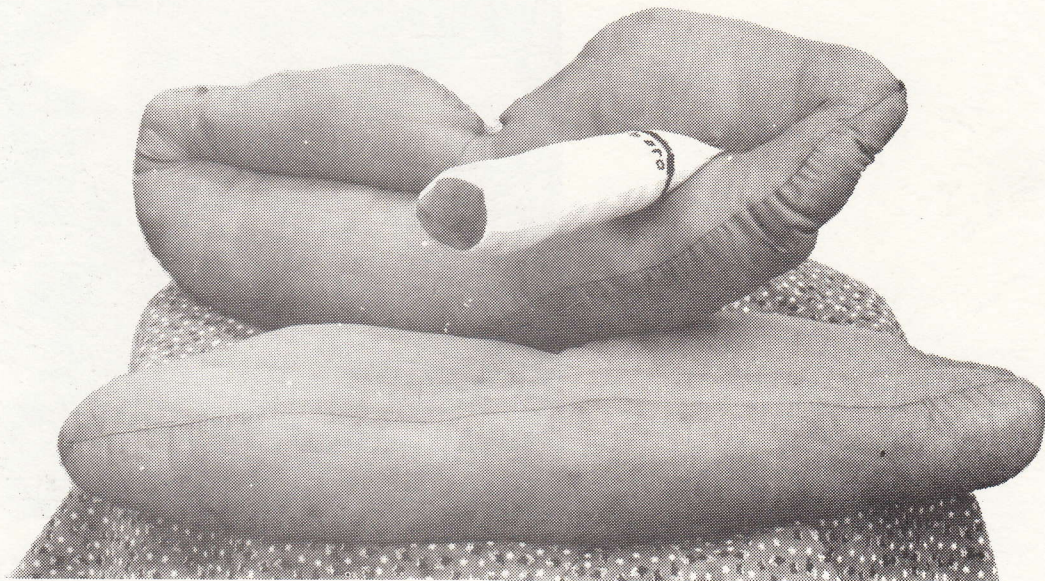


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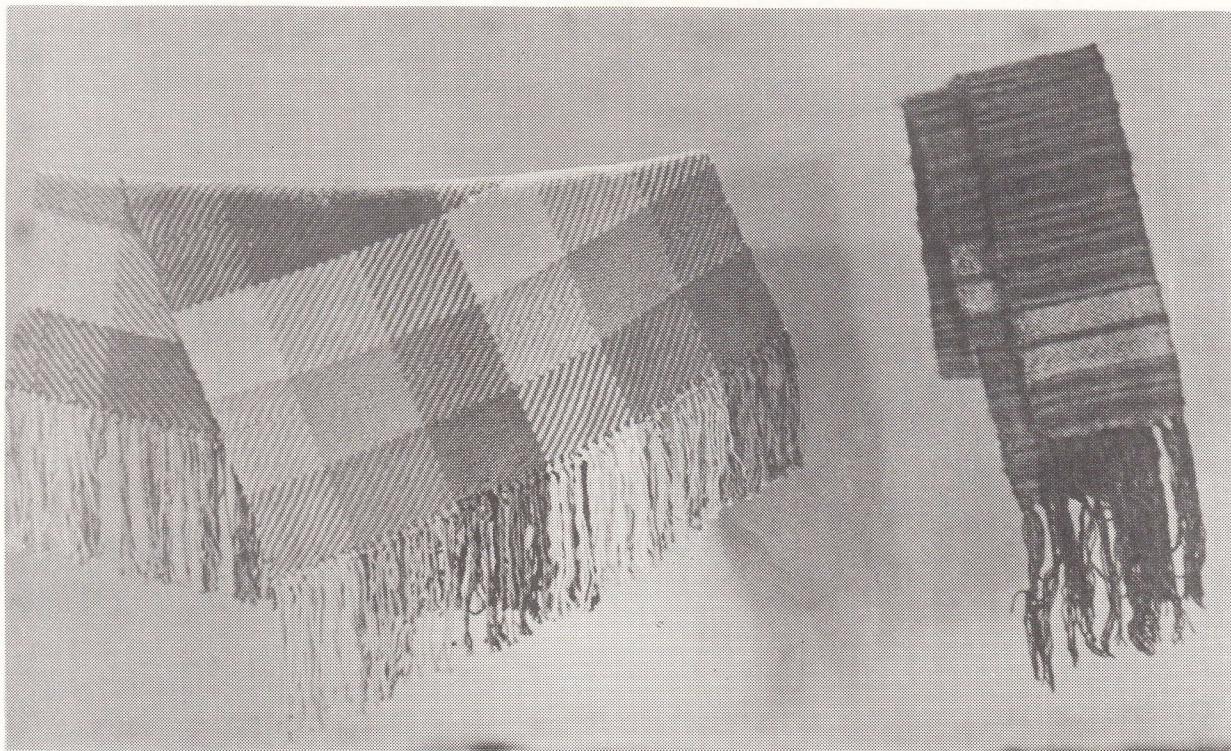


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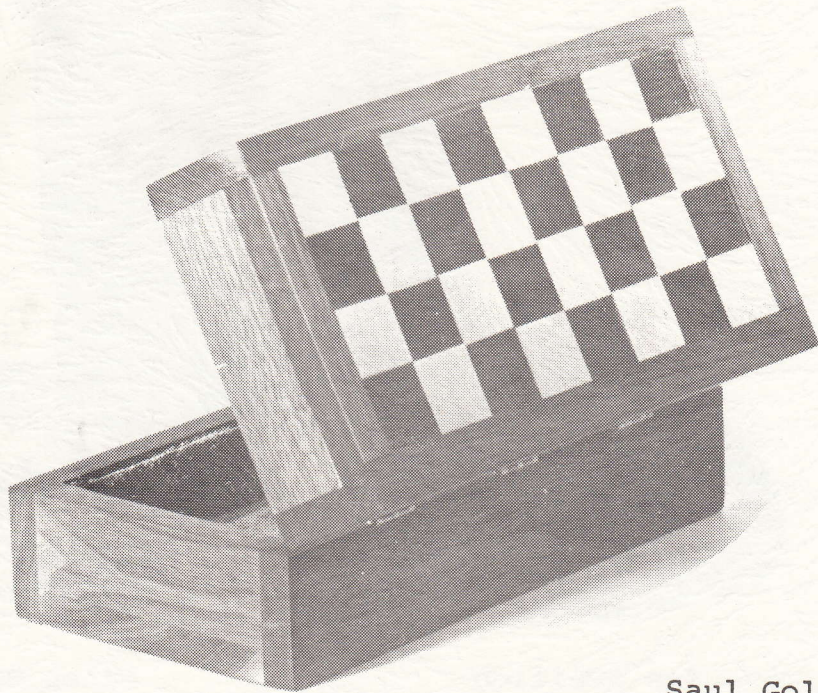


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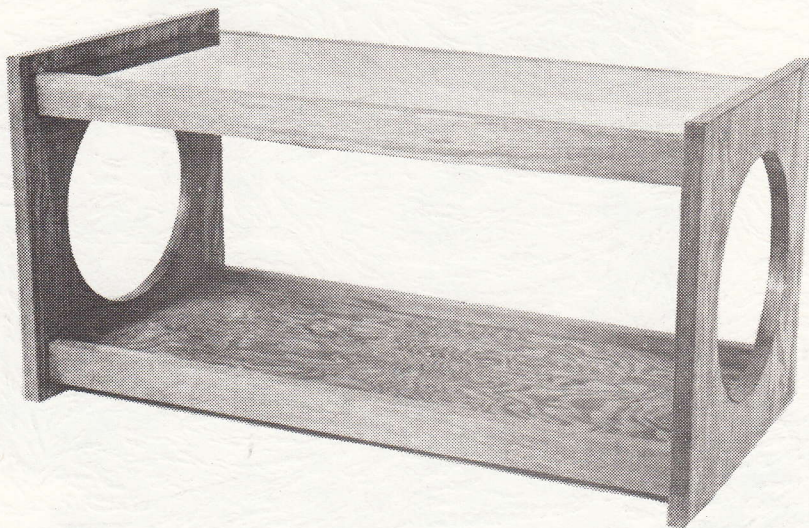
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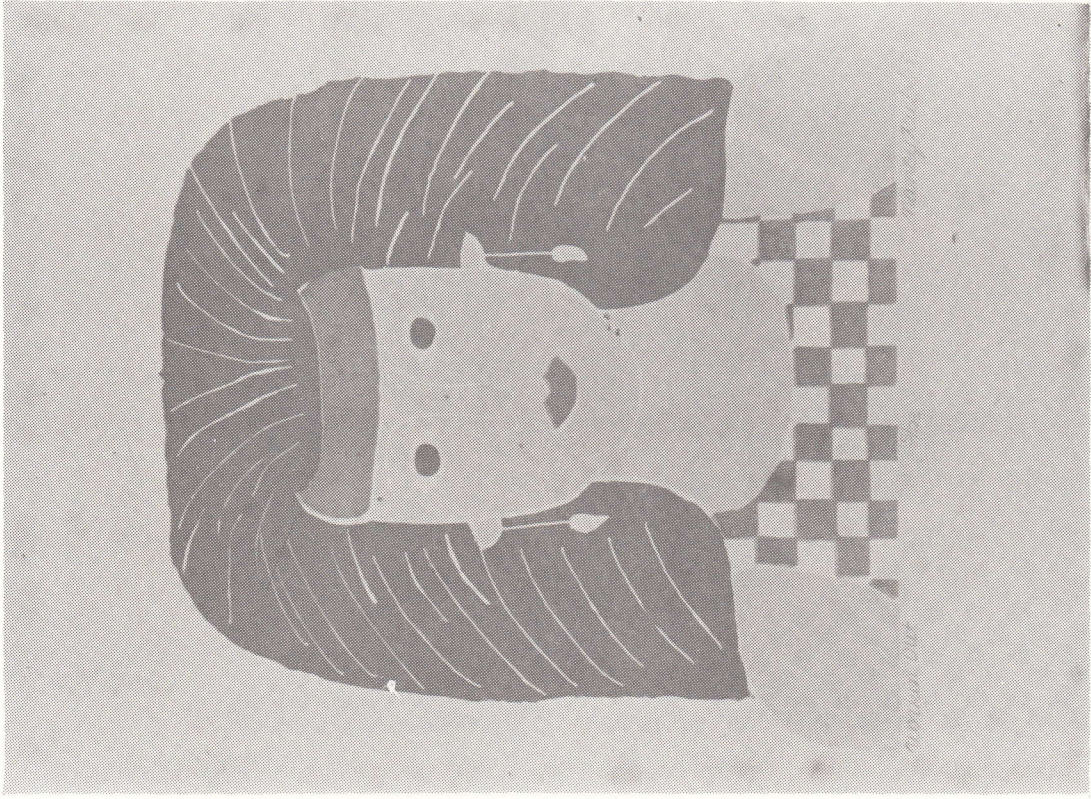
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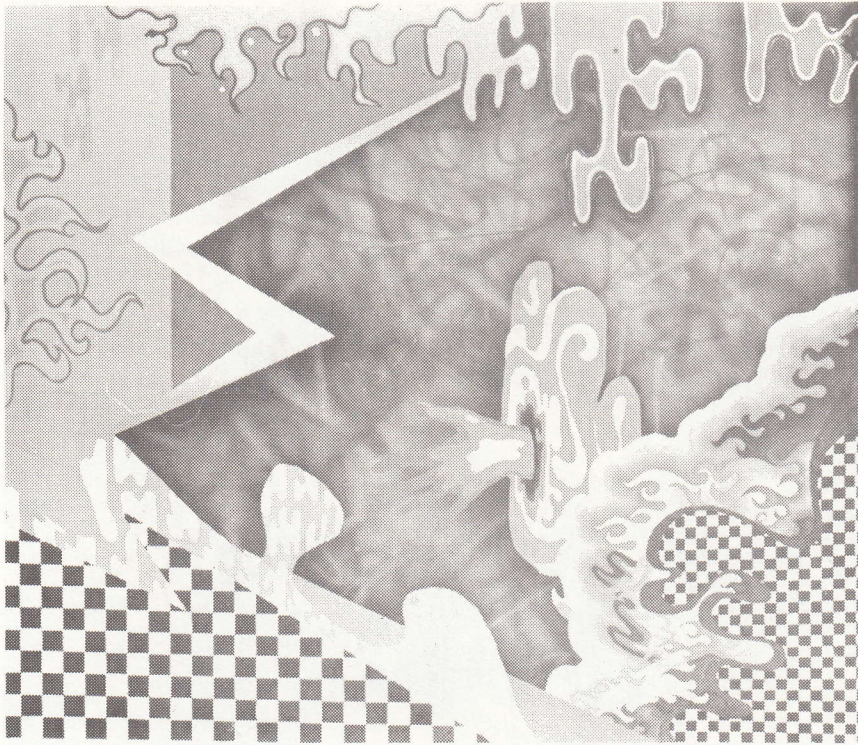


Nancy Rubin





**Matt Levitt**



**Sarah Coplin**



It was twenty-five years ago that Sybil and I first came to Buck's Rock. Sybil worked as a guidance counselor for the youngest girls and I worked as a writing counselor at the Print Shop. The camp has changed in many ways since then, but its character and philosophy have remained the same. Former campers often remark that Buck's Rock is one of the few places in their lives that have not been marred by time.

I remember vividly the impression the camp left on me at the end of our first summer. I felt that I had discovered a new world, a place where I could be myself--no, where I could be better than myself. I remember too the bewilderment and joy I felt at being given so much freedom to experiment and to try things out. At Buck's Rock I had finally found a place where children were free to learn and teachers were free to teach.

In subsequent summers I came to know the two people who founded Buck's Rock, Ernst and Ilse Bulova. Never before had I met such extraordinary people and, as the years passed, my respect for them turned to admiration and then to love. It's not often that a grown man finds a hero whom he strives to emulate, but Ernst became such a hero for me.

The force that drove Buck's Rock came from Ernst (and to an equal extent, although in those days she often worked behind the scenes, from Ilse). Ernst's presence was felt everywhere. Rumor had it that "Ernie robots" roamed the camp. There just didn't seem to be any other way of explaining his appearing in so many different places at the same time. In Ernst, Buck's Rock found its voice. And what a beautiful voice it was! His announcements were peppered with wit and wisdom, and when he read "The Devil and Daniel Webster" at the campfire site, you felt that he was taking on "old Scratch" himself. His rich, powerful voice (without benefit of microphone) could be heard from the oak tree to the dining room.

Until 1973 I worked in the Publications Shop, which, in its early years, was housed in the building that is now the Print Shop. There, with the help of two hand-cranked Gestetner machines, four manual typewriters, and an old Kelsey press, we would, each summer, turn out six weekly magazines, a yearbook, a literary-art magazine, and assorted other publications. Then, as now, music filled the shop. Only then it was folk music, and all it took to get everyone in the shop singing was a guitar and a determined song leader.

The Publications Shop has grown since then. Its Gestetner presses are motorized, and two offset presses now do much of the printing. The shop moved to its present quarters in 1964 and the work it now produces makes some of our earlier efforts look rather quaint. Nor has "The Pub" been the only shop whose facilities and program have expanded. The Art Shop used to be located in a small section of the shops building, a building



which it shared with metalsmithing, silkscreening, ceramics, and photography. The orchestra and chorus used to practice on the dining room porch because, until 1967, there was no Music Shed.

Among other changes have been the additions of the Dance Studio and Rec Hall, the construction of the present stage and amphitheater, the opening of shops in weaving, sewing, fabric design, sculpture, and glassblowing, and the expansion of the Science Lab and Electronics Center. An environment that encourages creativity is a living, growing environment and that may explain Buck's Rock's vigor as it comes to the end of its forty-first year.

Each summer, though, there are those who say that the camp is not the same, meaning that it was better the previous summer. I have heard this now since our first summer at Buck's Rock. Of course it's not the same; each summer has its own flavor and spirit. And the summer of '83 is no exception. But to say that one summer is better or worse than another is to make the kind of sweeping statement that it is almost impossible to substantiate. For me, the summer of '83 has been a superlative one. I've never seen our shops busier, our performing arts program more dynamic, our farms more flourishing, our science programs more popular, and our sports programs more energetic. Our staff has been one of the most talented and qualified groups of men and women that we have ever assembled, and they have accomplished what Albert Einstein once described as the supreme art of the teacher: "to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge."

We are living in an age of uncertainty and instability. Solutions to problems elude us. Each day, three to five nuclear warheads are built on this earth, and the world's leaders use such absurd terms as "limited war," "first strike capability," and "nuclear deterrents" to justify the ongoing build-up. From its inception, Buck's Rock has celebrated creativity and life and has opposed whatever forces inhibit and threaten that celebration.

One thing we feel you must know. The direction that your creative energies take in the years to come will surely determine whether or not the human race will be around much longer and, if it is, what the quality of life in the future will be like. We have tried once again this summer to make you aware of the possible directions those energies might take. You have tested your strengths and become aware of your limitations. We hope that Buck's Rock has opened new vistas for you, as it did for us during our very first summer here, and that, as a result, you have found new ways of being joyful, new modes of being alive.



While many of the images that have filled our last twenty-five summers are now forgotten, certain images abide. Sybil and I are as convinced as ever that young people can make a difference in the direction the world takes. We believe that boys and girls have tremendous talent and potential and that--given the right teachers, supplies, and equipment--their potential can be developed. We believe that creativity can flourish in an environment that affords young people freedom of choice and we are more determined than ever to maintain such an environment here at Buck's Rock.

*Lou and Sybil*

Lou and Sybil Simon





Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
And sorry I could not travel both...

These lines from Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" express a dilemma felt by many campers and staff at Buck's Rock. If you devote a week to rehearsing for a performance, or designing and producing a silk screen, or developing soccer skills--whatever!--you can't at the same time be swimming, mastering a computer program, playing the guitar, or milking a cow.

Or can you?

The magic of Buck's Rock is that frequently there is time and opportunity for multiple activities and achievements, personal and social.

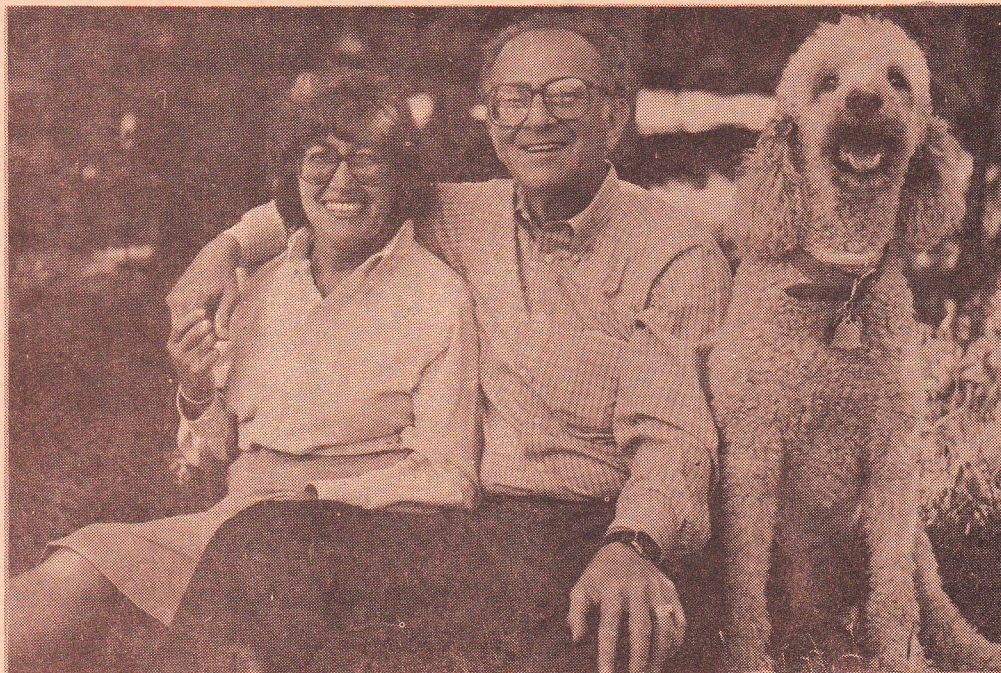
Whether it's a trial-and-error attempt at something you've never done before, whether it's a "big" or "little" project, solo or ensemble, it is enriching and pleasurable to work and to be involved.

The summer of 1983 has galloped by. We should not be too critical of ourselves for not having undertaken or not accomplishing even more than we attempted and succeeded with.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting"!

We have done much to be proud of. And we look forward to the promises and opportunities of another year.

*Irwin & Roberta*  
Irwin & Roberta Berger





## Fleeting Images.

Yes, indeed. We cannot hold them, unchanged, in the nets of gold, spun by our memory. But are they really fleeting? Or do they leave their marks, indelibly, on us? The marks that form our character, that determine our way of life, that direct us on the roads we wander?

I found such an image as I walked through the exhibition created by the staff of Buck's Rock. It was a lovely piece of work fashioned by a young counselor. She had called it "Wings Unfolding," made of gleaming, polished silver, shining in the light streaming from above. An image, but it was not fleeting. It stayed with me as a symbol of all youth, including you who are reading this book.

## Wings Unfolding.

You who were here at Buck's Rock are unfolding your wings as millions of young people, all over the world, are unfolding their wings. Where will your wings take you, where will they take them? You are living in a century that is entering its most dangerous decades. Mankind's genius, mankind's inventions have created many new resources and mankind can be proud of its achievements. But they also have created weapons that mankind may be tempted to use since the consequences lie beyond its imagination and since its ethical concepts and moral convictions are still not strong enough to withstand the impact of the destructive forces that still abound.

## Wings Unfolding.

Life is a perpetual process of unfolding. New vistas open up, new inner resources are discovered and used. You went a good part of the way this summer.

## Wings Unfolding.

To take off requires courage. Courage could be called the foundation on which all unfolding is based. And it is also courage that enables a person to become ultimately responsible for the direction his or her life is taking. We could call it: Reaching for Maturity. To reach maturity, we must be able to make choices that lead to decisions. The variety of choices is almost infinite. We arrive at decisions by making choices every day, every hour. Man is not a ready made being. Man will become what he makes of himself or herself, man constructs himself by his choices.

## Wings Unfolding.

This summer you have been in an environment where many decisions were in your hands. We have called it "Freedom of



Choice" and many of you have used it well. You may have disappointed yourselves at times but you may also have learned from these disappointments. Your inner voice may have become stronger; in the future it will direct you and you will be able to listen to it. We feel that many of you have discovered new abilities in yourselves, new inner resources began to reveal themselves. You will find that your unfolding inner strength will play a role that will be decisive in the future and in the face of all predictions. Freedom to choose amongst many opportunities will help you to establish your autonomy, to succeed on the terms you are establishing, to feel that learning is self-learning leading to the threshold of your own mind. However, every society imposes restrictions on its members, every civilization carries the seeds of discontent. We hope you found that the restrictions necessary to give our community structure and cohesion were outweighed by the opportunities a community offers.

#### Wings Unfolding.

At Buck's Rock, you have not been alone in your endeavors. You had each other for help and support. You had your counselors and teachers. They, too, gained from their association with you. Every teacher is a learner, and every student is a teacher. The teacher learns from the student as he teaches and the student teaches as he learns. That interaction is the essence of education as we understand it and as we try to practice it at Buck's Rock. Do we succeed? Not always, not all the time. But the attempts, as we are repeating them, carry their own rewards even if we fail at times to reach our goal. Maybe we are pursuing an ideal that we cannot reach, but we shall persist pursuing it, since the unreachable may be sometimes merely that we have not tried hard enough to reach.

#### Wings Unfolding.

Our present is a crossroad between a past that we can remember, from which we can learn, but that we cannot summon to return and a future that we enter as an unknown land. "Time is a strange thing," says the Marshallin in "The Rosenkavalier." I have seen many events in the course of a long life. I have seen whole nations engaged in a Flight from Freedom because they found it easier to have everything planned for them, decided for them, because freedom was too heavy a burden for them to carry. They preferred, to their ultimate peril, a dictator or an authoritarian government that lifted that burden from their shoulders since it seemed easier to let others choose than to do what freedom stands for, namely the necessity to make your own choices. That danger is not past, neither for any nation nor for any individual. However, it may be replaced by a trend not to flee from freedom



but to flee into a pursuit of happiness that makes having fun the ultimate goal and the main purpose of life. Of course, we should as children, as young people, as adults have fun, enjoy the unique human ability to laugh and experience the delights of happiness. But if we follow the trend I have mentioned to the exclusion of all other goals, then what we called fun would finally lead to disillusionment and boredom, leaving us standing with empty hands, empty hearts and empty souls. No, there is more to life, to life that is so various, so beautiful, so new, and we are all jointly engaged in creating a future that makes it so, a future that brings satisfactions that go beyond having fun.

Wings Unfolding.

Ilse and I realize that whilst your future will bring you many delights and much pleasure, it also holds out demanding tasks. And one of the most demanding but also one of the most important and rewarding tasks that your generation and the generations following you will be the necessity to turn the idea of the Brotherhood of Man from an ideal into reality to prevent common disaster.

Wings Unfolding.

We are saddened by the thought that you may belong to a generation burdened with such a task. We envy you the opportunity to shoulder it and we admire the courage that you will have to develop along the way, as you unfold your wings. But as you do, you will discover your own place in society, your own place in nature and your personal destiny. Fare thee well; the elements be kind to thee, and thy spirits all of comfort.

*Ernst and Ilse*

Ernst and Ilse Bulova







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Buck's Rock  
A Creative Work Camp  
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Summer '83



# Autographs



# Autographs





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